

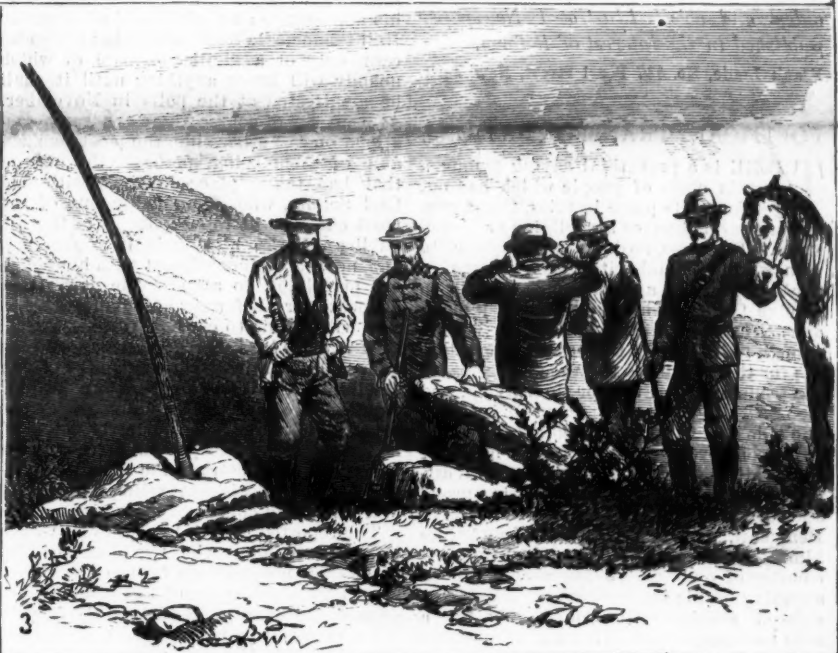
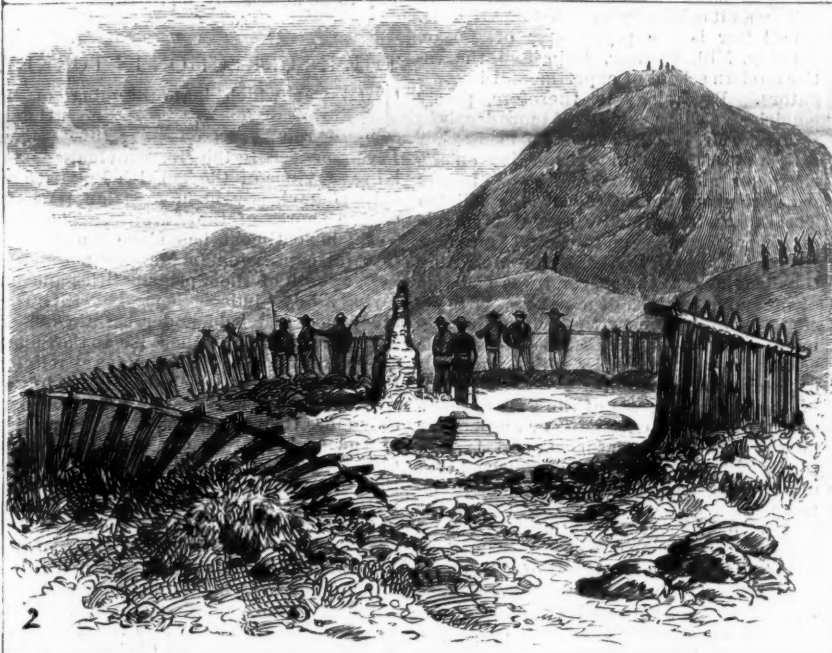
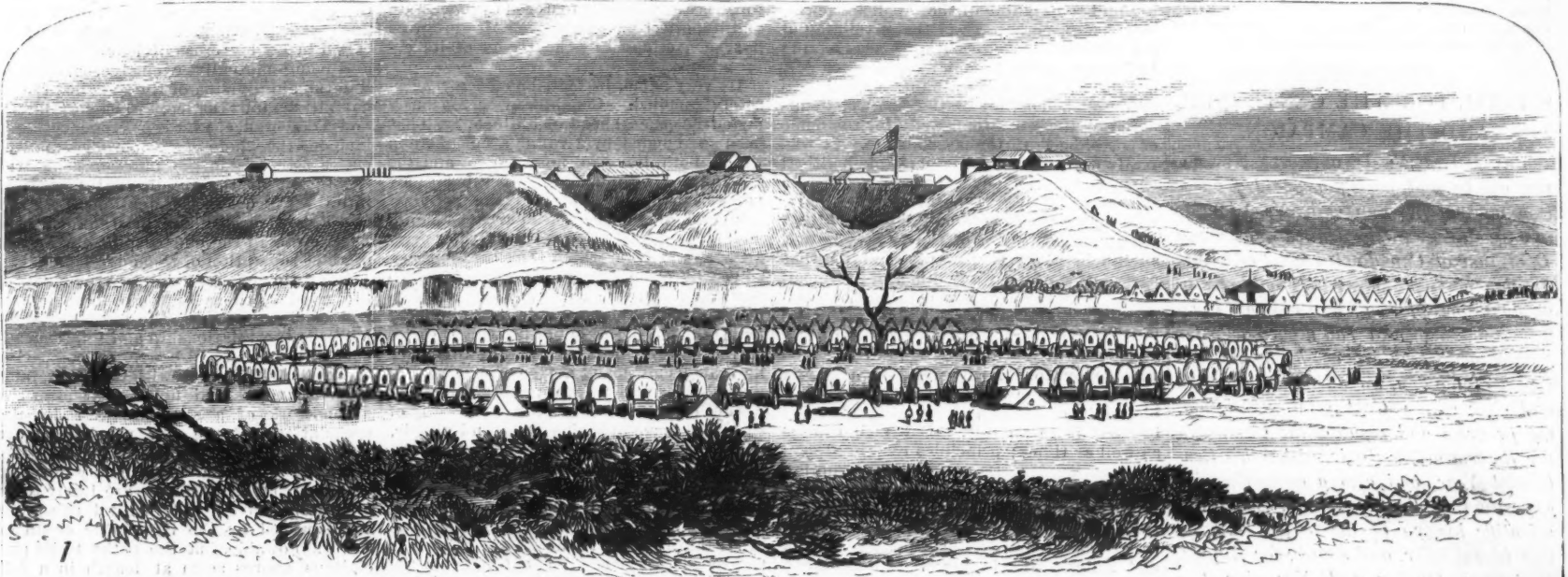
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 1,089—Vol. XLII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1876.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



1. Reinforcements for General Crook Encamped at Fort Fetterman, July 3d. 2. Visit to the Graveyard at Fort Phil Kearney, June 5th. 3. General Crook at the Scene of the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre, June 6th. 4. Signal Fires of the Sioux, near Powder River.

THE SIOUX WAR.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF GENERAL CROOK'S INDIAN CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES ST. G. STANLEY.—SEE PAGE 379.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1876.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
 One copy one year, or 52 numbers . . . \$4.00
 One copy six months, or 26 numbers . . . 2.00
 One copy for thirteen weeks . . . 1.00

CLUB TERMS.
 Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

POSTAGE FREE.
 FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Newspaper in America.

SECURE, for the Centennial Year, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which will be furnished, with all its supplements, double numbers, extra sheets and editions which our Grand National Jubilee will call for, without extra cost, and delivered free at your post-office every week, by subscribing now. You will thus secure a correct and reliable history and pictorial representation of all matters of interest incident to the International Exposition, as well as the events of the day throughout the world. Send \$4, with name and address, to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, and the paper will be regularly mailed to you, postage paid, for one year.

SPECIAL FOR THE CENTENNIAL AND THE CAMPAIGN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be sent, postage prepaid, for sixteen weeks, beginning with No. 1,089, to to any address in the United States and Dominion of Canada on receipt of \$1.25. In this manner subscribers will receive at an unprecedentedly low price an illustrated newspaper in full accord with the highest manifestations of the momentous issues of the day, including the progress and close of the Centennial Exhibition, the progress and result of the Campaign for Reform which distinguishes this Centennial Year, and also a comprehensive exposition of the intellectual, social and scientific history of the period. Accept this liberal offer, and secure, for August, September, October and November this oldest and ablest Illustrated Newspaper published in the interest of Reform.

Frank Leslie, No. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

POLITICAL TRANSFORMATIONS.

THERE is a proverbial saying among a certain class of people which has not yet found its place in print, that a gentleman never changes his religion or his politics. It is true, no doubt, when applied to men who have inherited their means of subsistence, and are, therefore, willing to receive their opinions also as an inheritance. The majority of men are willing enough to be spared the trouble of thinking for themselves as they are to be spared the trouble of working for their living, and who could give no better reason for being on one side or the other of a political or religious controversy than that their father or grandfather was there before them. A Western member of Congress once said, in a proud and lofty manner, that he was born a veteran Democrat, as his father had been before him. But in this happy and changeable country of ours, where few people inherit anything beside their names, it is not considered absolutely ungentlemanly for a man to change his religion and his politics several times in the course of his life, it being moderately prolonged. In England men inherit their political and religious opinions as they do their estates and titles; but even there, among the most conservative classes, political and religious opinions undergo constant changes, and we every day hear of the representatives of old Protestant families, like the Marquis of Bute and the Marquis of Ripon, for example, abandoning the faith of their ancestors and going over to the Catholic Church, while now and then the descendant of a zealous religionist, like Lord Amberly, for instance, abandons all religious conformity and announces himself an unmitigated Atheist. Religious changes, in fact, among the higher classes of the English aristocracy are much more frequent than political changes. It is most instructive, indeed, to see with what constancy the ruling families of Great Britain continue in the political faith of their founders. The Gowers, the Grosvenors, the Walpoles, the Russells, the Greys, the Campbells and the Howards, of one branch, have always been Whigs and Liberals, while the Stanleys, the Hamiltons, the Cecils and the other Howards have always been Tories or Conservatives. Certain estates carry with them certain traditional principles, and the holders of them are distinguished by their colors, either buff or blue. But here 'tis happily different, and political and religious transmutations are all the time going on. Because a man's father was a Whig or a

Radical is not considered any reason why the son should not be a Democrat or a Conservative. And it is fortunate for the welfare of the country that it is so. A free country means freedom of opinion, freedom of investigation and freedom from tyranny of tradition. It is not disreputable in any man to change his party or his church. To have the coinage of one's opinions is what we all pretend to, at least; and we do not remember having ever heard a man twitted with not being a gentleman because he had changed his politics.

Once in four years, at least, there are great changes effected in political life; men find it convenient or necessary to desert, or rather abandon, their old associates on the political platform, and seek new alliances with those who are in accord with them. There is nothing in their doing so inconsistent with perfect integrity of purpose and with a pure conscience. The present political campaign has already witnessed a good many political transformations, and will doubtless witness a good many more. Among the most striking and remarkable of these political metamorphoses, perhaps, was that exhibited at the Democratic confirmation mass-meeting in Tammany Hall, last month, when Mr. Charles A. Dana, the brilliant, versatile and accomplished editor of the *Sun*, was nominated by the Hon. John Kelly for the office of president of the assemblage. It was really one of the most remarkable political changes that has ever been witnessed in this city. Mr. Dana, as every one knows, was among the founders of the Republican Party, and, as editor of the *Tribune*, he did as much, perhaps, towards making that party successful as any other of its members. He was a constant assailant of Tammany Hall, and an untiring irritant of its leading members. He worked zealously and effectually, and when the war came he volunteered for the army, and when the war ended he was among the first to write a biography of the man whose military genius brought it to an end. But men change as well as times; principles remain always the same. Mr. Dana fought corruption and misgovernment, and he now finds it necessary to range himself in the ranks of his former opponents and to attack vigorously his former friends and allies. He is merely a prominent instance of a very numerous body, and his appearance as chairman of a Tammany Hall Democratic Reform meeting is significant only of a similar change of which nobody will know anything until it shall be manifested at the polls in November. As a matter of course there are transformations on the other side, the most remarkable of them being, perhaps, the change that has taken place in the position of Carl Schurz, who, from being one of the most effective of the opponents of the Republican Party, now finds it convenient, and not at all inconsistent with his political principles, to assume the part of an advocate for his former antagonists.

It will not do to censure these changes; they are perfectly in accordance with an honorable political career, and nothing should be done to prevent an unrestrained expression of political opinion. The one thing which cannot be honestly defended is when a man accepts an office from a party and then betrays the confidence reposed in him without relinquishing the office they had conferred upon him.

The reported political changes that have taken place since the two great parties made their nominations for the Presidency show that while many of the so-called independents have gone back to the Republican ranks, from which they had seceded four years ago, the most numerous changes have been made among the Republicans who have gone over to the side of Reform. But it is rather early yet to strike a balance between the two parties, and it will be easier a few weeks hence to form a trustworthy opinion as to which side has made the greatest gains.

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY.

PROBABLY upon no portion of the domain of thought has the past century imparted its impress more distinctly than upon that branch which relates to the Science of Mind. Whatever may be foreshadowed to us as the ultimate results of the application of scientific methods to the elucidation of mental phenomena, it cannot be denied that the immediate effect is most salutary in the influence it exerts towards liberating the world from many errors in which, through blind allegiance to the methods of the scholastics, it had been for many ages enmeshed. The discoveries of modern physical science cast a more brilliant radiance upon the path of present progress by the reflection of their rays from the dark background of ancient error. The method of mental investigation to-day may be compared to that optical instrument by the aid of which the object of research is viewed, not as formerly in a blinding glare of light, but, in a black field from which all extraneous rays

have been abstracted, illuminated by only those pencils of light which emanate directly from the object itself. The eye concentrates its gaze upon the sharply defined form, and is enabled to ply its investigations and frame its deductions unembarrassed by unessential surroundings. The steps by which this desirable result has been attained have bestowed upon psychology its especial characteristic in consonance with the progressive spirit of the age, and, consequently, define the dividing line between the old and the new schools. Owing to its abstruse nature, this field of human research has attracted comparatively few explorers, and notwithstanding many of these have possessed sufficient originality to bestow the impress of their respective individualities upon the subject, still it has not until within almost the present generation been raised above the groundwork originally constructed for it twenty centuries ago. The uniform conservatism with which it has persistently been handled is largely due to the imperfect methods availed of in its study, which, too, have been largely fostered by inaccurate and imperfect nomenclature. Its progress has been crippled by the terms of its expression.

Its very name, in fact, has been inaccurately applied. Considered erroneously under the general head of Philosophy, it has been surrounded by a vague atmosphere in which both its own mechanism and the fabric it has been evolving were but dimly perceptible. Philosophy is the germinal principle of science, the parent stem in which the special sciences have their early growth, and from which they detach themselves by some process of gemination so soon as they reach that stage of development in which they are able to shake loose from metaphysics by subordinating theories to facts. Descartes recognized this when he called philosophy a tree whose root is metaphysics and whose trunk is physics. Accepting this definition, the Philosophy of the Mind is metaphysics pure and simple, while Mental Science or Psychology is an independent branch of experimental physics concerning itself with ascertainable phenomena solely, and leaving to its appropriate niche in Philosophy the consideration of all those remote relations of truth which transcend experience. The former is the metaphysics of Descartes, Leibnitz and Condillac, as it originally was that of Aristotle. The latter is the psychology of Locke, Hartley, Mill, Spencer, Bain, and the entire modern school of experimental investigators. Psychology is, therefore, purely empirical. It interests itself more deeply in following up the growth of an emotion or idea than it does in speculating on the character and essence of the soul. Six hundred years before Christ, the Milesian Thales first attempted to establish a beginning of things on rational grounds, without the aid of myths, by promulgating the doctrine that the universe was made up of various conditions of moisture. His assumption of water as the primordial element was not long accepted—but the self-contented method by which the greatest secrets of creation were explained out of the inner resources of the philosopher's soul prevailed in one shape or another for nearly twenty-five centuries, and is still fondly adhered to by a complacent but diminishing few. By the rest, mere introspection is no longer regarded as the proper instrument for studying mental phenomena, nor are *a priori* deductions held to be the surest method of arriving at the truth. Psychological facts are studied from the outside exclusively, through the internal facts which translate them, and not through the consciousness which gives them birth. Mr. Mill would not now feel compelled to repeat the lament recorded in a letter to Henry Taine: "We may still count in England twenty *a priori* and spiritualist philosophers for every partisan of the doctrine of Experience."

This altered system of investigating mental phenomena forms one of the essential characteristics of the present age. By a simple transposition of methods the whole domain of psychology has been revolutionized. The facts of internal consciousness are no longer surveyed by the dim subjective light of introspection, but are studied from without in the brilliant illumination of universal experience. Old classifications are abandoned as superfluous or inadequate for the explanation of phenomena. The very elementary explanations in the text-books not yet gone entirely out of use are shown to be constructed in opposition to the canons of logical definition. The doctrine of the human mind being an existence independent of the body, and that of the intellect being the general "knowing principle of the mind," cannot be correct if the mind is itself the knowing principle of the body from which it emanates, and upon which it is dependent. The intimate alliance of the entire bodily system with the mental functions shows that the brain is not the only substance to which mental functions can be attributed. The inseparable connection of mind and body is demonstrated by the

various physical expressions which emotions assume, and the reciprocal influence of mental and bodily changes, in all of which the sequences are sufficiently unailing and uniform to give them high rank as illustrations of the popular notion of cause and effect. Innumerable facts are also available to show the degree to which the structure of the material organs influences the mental character. And in disease it is but too evident, as every physician can testify, how the mind is completely at the mercy of the bodily condition. With this array of facts, drawn from experience, comes a necessity for a new nomenclature, which tends to further elucidate the science. The former theory was that the intellect was divided into a variety of faculties, such as memory, reason, judgment and imagination, or, according to others, such as perception, self-consciousness and memory, and after assuming these as the fundamental divisions, the path of the student was supposed to be clear enough. It is evident, however, that the above processes are not fundamentally distinct, but merely different applications of the collective forces of the intelligence. Such classifications err through what is called in Logic "cross division," the terms not being mutually exclusive. They are like the old division of the so-called Cardinal Virtues into Justice, Prudence, Courage and Temperance, whereas Prudence alone includes the whole of Temperance, and the entire selfish side of Courage. The true separation of the intellectual powers is into three facts: Discrimination, Similarity and Retentiveness. By these alone are the phenomena of the mind explicable, and no distinct separation of them can be made.

In all this effort to simplify the study of the mind by the adoption of more logical and efficient methods, the most important factor is the relationship and interdependence of the mind and body. By comparing the sensations of each with the other, facts are discovered and noted that form the groundwork of a structure in which the speculations of the old psychology are mainly thrown aside, and a new system is constructed, by which many hitherto unapproachable mysteries are likely to be ultimately solved. All around us we are encompassed by the illimitable ocean of the Unknowable, but the paths to its precipitous shores seem at length in a fair way to be accurately surveyed.

THE INSURRECTION IN TURKEY.

THE war which is now going on in European Turkey is in the strictest sense of the term an insurrectionary war. It commenced in the Herzegovina, an outlying province of the Turkish Empire, and bordering closely upon Austrian territory on the shores of the Adriatic. The anti-Turkish sentiment has since found more forceful expression in Montenegro and in Servia, both of them principalities and enjoying a quasi-independence, but still owing allegiance, and held under certain obligations, pecuniary and otherwise, to the Sultan at Constantinople. The dominant religion in these provinces which have gone to war with the Sultan is Christianity. Considerably more than four-fifths of the population of Turkey in Europe are attached to the Christian faith; and that form of the Christian faith which most extensively prevails is the Greek Church. There were a large number of Roman Catholics and a considerable number who were members of the Armenian Church; but the so-called Greek Church counts by far the largest number of adherents. The religion of the dominant race is Mohammedanism—a religion which is radically opposed to Christianity; and this is the reason why the sympathy of Europe and America is so largely and so generously extended to the provinces now in open revolt.

It has always been regarded as a blot on European civilization that the Turk should be allowed to hold in unwilling bondage so many millions of Christians. It has seemed to argue a lukewarmness in matters of faith on the part of the governing powers, and it has always been apparent that the people of the different nations were more opposed to Moslem domination, and consequently more in sympathy with the Christians, than were the governments. State policy, begotten of national jealousy and national rivalry, has always held the governments in check. The people, overlooking or despising reasons of state, have seen only the injustice. But for the jealousies of what have been called the Great Powers, there can be no doubt that Mohammedan rule would long since have ceased to exist. Russia has from time immemorial been covetous of Constantinople, and she has never lost an opportunity to encourage disaffection in those provinces which happen to be of the same race and the same religion with her own people. England has been jealous of Russia, and has always thwarted her measures regarding Turkey, because Russia, enthroned at Constantinople, would seriously affect the balance of power, and would greatly reduce the influence of England in

the Mediterranean. France has in general sympathized with England, and taken the same course for substantially the same reasons. Austria, the only other power seriously interested, has been opposed to Russia not so much because she favored the policy of France and England as because the dismemberment of Turkey might prove detrimental to the integrity of her own dominions. These were the reasons—these the motives which brought about the Crimean war. These are the reasons—these the motives which at this time have made active interference in the affairs of Turkey by the Great Powers impossible, and which have induced them all to stand aloof and allow the Sultan and his subjects to settle their own difficulties—the Great Powers reserving to themselves the right to interfere at the proper time in the interests of peace, and with a view to effect an amicable arrangement.

It would seem from the present aspect of things as if the interference with the above end in view would soon be necessary. The insurrectionists are not making headway; and there is evidently a want of agreement on the part of Serbia and Montenegro. The rebels are not finding much encouragement from their co-revolutionists in the provinces which they have attempted to invade. The peaceful attitude preserved by Greece, and the refusal of Prince Charles to take any part in the struggle, encourage the hope that both parties will soon be willing to listen to peaceful advice. The difficulty will come again when the Great Powers begin to consider their proposals. If Turkey succeeds in putting down the insurrection she will not consent to any form of dismemberment. We do not yet see the possibility of a new Slavie kingdom south of the Danube and north of the Balkan range. The presumption seems rather to be that further privileges will be granted to the Christians of the Empire, and that more extensive powers of local government will be granted to Serbia and Montenegro, and that for some years to come, perhaps for another decade, the feeble life of the Sick Man will be prolonged.

THE SIOUX OF SOCIETY.

IN the course of one of his public lectures, Mr. Barnum, the distinguished showman, said that when he proposed to retire wholly from active business, his physician warned him that it would be at the peril of his life. The man of medicine predicted that want of occupation would rust the machinery of existence, and quoted one example after another to show that when men retired from business it was not usually to enjoy life, but to end it. He might have gone further, and pointed him to Astor, Stewart and others of our men of wealth who found their highest pleasure in a life of usefulness, and made work their best medicine. Labor lent zest to their occasional holidays. It was their pride to be recognized as leaders in the activity of the age. As they looked back, they saw no task unfulfilled. When they looked forward, they saw no hour without its duties. Doubtless, they found more serene satisfaction in such a life than could ever have come from a withdrawal from the sphere of daily activity.

There is a saying much in vogue among the lazy and the criminal classes to the effect that the world owes them a living. By this, they really mean that they do not hold themselves bound by the usual law of labor, but that they are prepared to indulge themselves in idleness and prodigality by any means that may chance to be at their disposal. If they can manage to exist at the expense of another, they will consent to receive the world's debt to themselves in this manner. If deception and crime are necessary to the object they have in view, they will not scruple to make use of them. All remonstrances of conscience are answered by the threadbare argument that the world owes them a living, and that if they cannot get it in one way they must get it in another. It might be said in reply—and almost without suspicion of sarcasm—that there is no necessity for their living, since it does not appear that there is any gain to the world from their existence. But it is better to go on to the root of the argument, and there they will find that the proposition with which they will start out is a fallacy. The world owes them nothing. They owe themselves a living. They owe it to their brain and conscience, to their muscle and brawn, to the social ties and family position to which they are born, to labor with all their powers for their own elevation and the advancement of their race. This is the principle on which the lives of all good citizens are based.

There are highwaymen in society and sitting bulls in our civilization—men who make their own laws and place their own interpretation on them. They do not wear the war-paint of the red men, and they are too courteous to use the "stand and deliver" argument of the professional robber, yet they are none the less dangerous. It were as idle to look for work from them

as to expect it from the savages of Montana. The Indian looks upon the world as his own property, created for his special enjoyment. If the buffalo fails in one section he searches for it elsewhere. If a neighbor has anything that he wants he proceeds to take it without waste of time in idle chaffing. The difference between *meum* and *tuum* is not perceptible to his visual organs. If he could put his ideas into shape, they would probably be similar to those expressed by the Mormons at Nauvoo, when they solemnly met in convention and passed two resolutions—one to the effect that the Valley of the Mississippi belonged to the Saints of the Lord, and the second simply, but comprehensively, saying: "Resolved, that we are the saints of the Lord." These notions may be very childlike on the part of the gentle savages, and the backwoods Mormons, but they are scarcely up to the standard of our advanced civilization. The settler on the Western border has a yearning to possess his own cattle in peace, and even the Gentile of Utah feels that he has some small rights of property which the polygamous believer is bound to respect.

Not less pestiferous than the freebooters of the Far West are the highwaymen of our Eastern civilization—the Sioux of our society. They are not merely drones. It would be bad enough if they were simply incapable, for then the almshouses could be increased, and what was lost by taxation would be more than made up by our freedom from robbery. But these people are plunderers of the public, who display an activity in their wretched trade which would surely make their fortunes if it were devoted to a proper and legitimate channel. Both men and women belong to the craft. They write begging-letters; beguile charitable societies; impose on unsuspecting clergymen; build up bogus firms and corporations; swindle widows who fight back starvation by keeping boarders, and whenever a path for fraud is opened, they sneak smilingly up through it. Generally they try to keep within the law, and yet there is scarcely one of them who does not overstep the boundary at times. If the law were forced down upon them relentlessly and with all its weight, whenever they are detected, the nuisance would soon be abated. Society owes it to itself to make open and merciless war upon the whole race of social freebooters. We have been too long at the mercy of the Sioux of civilization. Let there be war against them, and war to the knife.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 29, 1876.

Monday.....111%	Thursday.....111%
Tuesday.....111% @ 111%	Friday.....111%
Wednesday.....111% @ 111%	Saturday.....111% @ 112%

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A MILD PENALTY.—The present Italian Minister of Justice, Signor Mancini, is an ardent advocate for the abolition of capital punishment in all cases whatsoever. At his instigation a Parliamentary Commission has been formed, composed of the most eminent Italian jurists, in order to consider the expediency of punishing the crime of assassination, which is almost of daily occurrence in the Italian capital, by perpetual imprisonment, instead of the extreme penalty of the law. This Commission have unanimously reported in favor of the views of the Minister of Justice. The conclusion arrived at by the Italian jurists appears to be a very strange one, considering the frequency of the crime of murder in Italy. The motives of the Minister of Justice are, no doubt, excellent, and the Commission of Italian jurists exceedingly learned in the law, but it seems an ineffectual method of suppressing assassination to grant impunity to the perpetrators. We much fear that the sentimental legislation of the Italian Minister of Justice will increase instead of diminish crime. The custom of the Vendetta can never be permanently eradicated from the Italian mind except by extreme severity.

RECONSTRUCTING CONGRESS.—Mr. White, of Kentucky, has introduced a Bill providing for the reconstruction in part of the House of Representatives. It reduces the number of members to two hundred. Under the proposed apportionment New York would have a representation of twenty-two instead of thirty-five, as at present. Six States would have one member, six would have two, three would have three, four would have four, four would have five, three would have six, five would have seven, etc. The Bill further provides that every member shall have a private secretary at a salary of five dollars a day while actually employed. The reduction of the number of members might save enough money to pay the private secretaries. Whether the latter would be useful to the country depends upon their capacity, attainments and diligence. If they should instruct the members in the subjects and methods of legislation and should prepare for them better speeches than they usually make, the secretaries would earn their wages. The question would occur, however, if they are able to do this, why not make them members, and let the representatives they are set to teach and "coach" give their attention to some other business?

THE APPROPRIATIONS.—Congress is not likely to adjourn immediately. The Conference Committee on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills are considering a proposition by which money will be appropriated for General Grant's salary to the end of the term, while the salary of

the next President will be left an open question until the next session of Congress. A compromise will probably be made on the salaries of members of Congress by which they will be fixed at about \$4,800, or it may be that some of the mileage allowances will be reduced. When the appropriations for the Executive Departments were reached, the difference between the two Houses was found to be about \$3,600,000. Representative Morrison made a proposition that this amount be divided by two, and that the House accede to the Senate's amendments increasing the expenses of the department above the basis of the House Bill \$1,600,000, while the Senate recede from amendments covering a like amount, at the same time making the reduction in the number of persons employed and of their salaries in the same ratio; that is, that the expenses of the departments shall be reduced \$1,600,000 below those provided for by the Bill as it passed the Senate, the saving to be effected both by reductions of force and salary. The Bill has been placed in the hands of the clerks of the Appropriation Committees of the two Houses, with directions to compute the money reductions it contemplates, and they have not yet made their report. The majority of the members of the Committee seem in no hurry to get through with the Bill.

RECRUITS DEMANDED.—The Secretary of War has sent to the House of Representatives the dispatch of General Sheridan recommending an increase of the companies of the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Cavalry to 100 men, as was done for the two regiments on the Rio Grande. He submits an estimate for the number of men required in addition to the 25,000 men which are authorized by law. The number which will be required to fill the regiments of cavalry on the frontier and in Texas, the maximum of 100 men to each company, will be 2,500, and the expenses therefor, \$1,634,700. General Sheridan says in the telegram above alluded to: "The best knowledge of the Indian strength and affairs at the agencies and in the field will not warrant at the present time in asking for volunteers. I have no objection to asking for them as soon as I conscientiously believe their services necessary; but I do not, from the disaster that came to Custer from a divided command, desire to take the responsibility of asking for volunteers now, thereby entailing on the Government an enormous expense. If Congress will increase the companies, as was done for the two regiments on the Rio Grande, we can fill them up at once, and they will be sufficiently large to meet the wants of the service, and relieve the public mind of the constant fear of disaster to our present insufficient force in the Indian country. This would be done at much less expense than by calling for volunteers, as the organizations are already prepared, and the winter would be on us before we could get volunteers fairly in the field."

CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY.—One of the strangest results of the struggle between Serbia and Turkey has been the resumption of relations between the Vatican and the Sublime Porte. Telegrams from Rome inform us that Monsignor Hassoun has had several conferences with the Grand Vizier, who appears disposed to revoke all measures taken during the reign of the previous Sultan injurious to Catholics. Concurrently with these dispatches there are rumors of the formation of a Catholic legion in Bosnia for military service against the insurgent Christians of the Greek Church. Notwithstanding that the animosity existing between the votaries of the various denominations of Christianity in the East is a fact too well known to excite comment, it still must be a matter of deep regret that Christians should bear arms against Christians in the present crisis in the East. It may be a very desirable object to establish friendly relations between the Catholic Church and the Turkish Government, but it is scarcely necessary to remark that the moment is an exceedingly ill-chosen one to do so. Apart from all political sympathies of whatsoever nature they may be, the recent massacre of Christians in Bulgaria ought to preclude any manifestation of sympathy with the Turkish Government on the part of the members of any Christian sect. It is quite comprehensible that supposed political necessities should harden the hearts of statesmen whose thoughts are more fixed on the future than on the present, but different feelings and a more firm and fast line of action is naturally expected from the spiritual chiefs of a numerous and important section of Christian believers.

WESTERN CROPS.—A midsummer crop report has just been published, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. These show that the wheat crop in nearly all of the wheat-producing districts, is nearly up to the average in quantity, while the quality is superior to any former year. Spring wheat in Illinois has generally done very badly. The best reports for winter wheat come from Michigan, where the harvest has been especially good. The corn crop promises very well everywhere. The average is much larger than ever before, and though farmers were much discouraged early in the season by continued wet weather, which prevented working, and drowned out the corn in low places, they believe now that the crop will be enormous, unless interfered with by frost. The oats crop in Illinois, Indiana and a part of Michigan is a total failure, and what grain was grown is deficient in quality. In Southeastern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio the oat crop is unusually good. The rye and barley crops are up to the average. A large quantity of flaxseed was sowed in some parts of Indiana and Illinois and has done well. There were less potatoes planted than last year, but the crop will be enormous. Hay, except in some part of Michigan, where rain interfered with the cutting and curing, has produced far beyond the crop of any previous year; the quality is very good, and it has been well taken care of. The apple crop is very large everywhere. Only a partial crop of peaches will ripen. Grapes are wonderfully abundant in the lake region, and promise to ripen well. Taken altogether, the farm products will exceed those of last year from 30 to 60 per cent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL SHERMAN declined all offers of volunteers for the Indian war.

THE New York State Teachers' Association met at Watkins in annual session.

GOVERNORS TILDEN and HENDRICKS were in consultation together at Saratoga last week.

On August 1st, Belknap was acquitted, thirty-five to twenty-five, less than the requisite two-thirds.

GENERAL GREEN RAUM was offered the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and accepted it.

A "BREAD OR BLOOD" brigade paraded Cincinnati on the 26th ult., but no violence was attempted.

THERE are at Fort Laramie twenty-four soldiers' widows and fifty fatherless children, a part of the result of the Custer butchery.

CAPTAIN ROWLAND, late sailing-master of the ill-fated *Mohawk*, was rearrested upon the charge of perjury, and released on \$2,000 bail.

THE Cincinnati Light Guard, now encamped on the Centennial Grounds, marched the entire distance from Cincinnati in twenty-nine days.

HON. ALLEN T. CAPERTON, United States Senator from West Virginia, died suddenly at Washington, D. C., on the 26th ult., aged sixty-six years.

DEMOCRATIC ratification meetings were held in New York city last week, the anti-Tammany party using Irving Hall, and the regular Tammany party their own wigwag.

Two companies of the regular garrison left Columbia for Aiken, opposite Hamburg, S. C., the scene of the negro fight, on orders from the War Department.

COLONEL WHARTON, United States District Attorney for Kentucky, and formerly law partner of ex-Secretary Bristow, was suspended last week by the President without notice.

It is reported that the Sioux are endeavoring to form an alliance with the Sioux and Blackfoot tribes in the northwest territories of Canada to carry on the war against the United States.

MR. COLGATE's yacht Idler won the Bennett Challenge Cup in the ocean race to Breton's Reef and return. The yachts started on the 27th ult., and finished on the 29th. The *Countess of Dufferin* came in last.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Saratoga Racing Association was held last week, the first race taking place on the 25th. On the 26th "Tom Ochiltree," who was defeated on Tuesday, won the Saratoga Cup, amid the greatest excitement.

MR. BLUFORD WILSON, ex-Solicitor of the Treasury, startled the country by revealing to the House Committee on the Whisky trials the complicity of the confidential advisers of the President with the Whisky Ring, and his reluctance to have them exposed.

Foreign.

THE Rev. Samuel Butcher, Premier Bishop of Ireland, is dead.

THE town of Albeuve, Switzerland, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th ult.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON granted 127 additional pardons to French Communists.

JOSEPH G. MOORE, United States Consul at Trinidad, died there on the 25th ult.

A CREDIT of \$1,500,000 was voted for the expenses of the French War Department.

JOHN WALTON, of New York, the alleged forger, was committed for trial at London.

SODERHAM, a maritime town of Sweden, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 22d ult.

SULTAN MOUHAD V. was deposed and a younger brother appointed Regent of the Turkish Empire.

THE Government powder magazine at Toulouse blew up on the 27th ult., occasioning a great loss of life.

By a vote of 114 to 102 the Italian Senate adopted the Bill for establishing free warehouses at seaports.

It was reported in London on the 31st ult. that 70,000 Tscherekessens revolted against the Russians in the Caucasus.

THE municipal authorities throughout Austria were instructed to prepare for mobilizing the army at a moment's notice.

HAMPTON won the Goodwood Stakes at Goodwood, England, on the 26th ult., Admiral Byng coming in second, and Flais third.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA returns to Spain to arrange for the marriage of King Alfonso with the Duke de Montpensier's daughter.

AN inquiry at Berlin into the loss of the steamer *Deutschland* last winter reversed the English verdict, and acquitted Captain Brickenstein.

FOOCHOW, China, was visited by a frightful inundation, June 10th, which lasted five days. Over 5,000 dead bodies were found near the city.

THE British Minister to China has broken off his negotiations and removed the archives of the legation to Shanghai, in anticipation of hostilities.

THE report of the English Consul at Salonica exonerates the American Vice-Consul from participation in the seizure of the girl which caused the massacre.

A motion is to be submitted in the French Chamber of Deputies demanding the execution of the ordinance prescribing the expulsion of the Jesuits from the country.

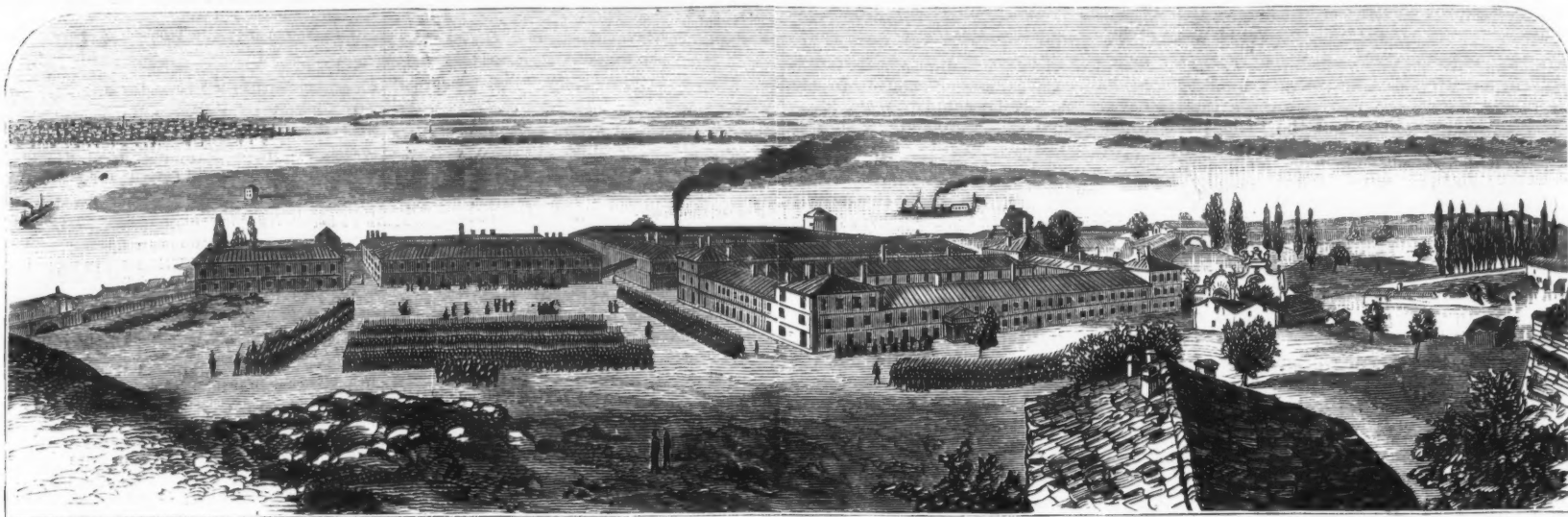
RUSSIAN diplomatists assert that it will be impossible for the Czar to repress the war spirit at home if the Turks invade Serbia, and that the knowledge of this fact accounts for the hesitation of the Turkish generals.

CUBAN insurgents raided the town of Santa Clara, and had a fight with Spanish troops. A convoy from Villa Clara with \$60,000 in gold and much ammunition was also captured by the insurgents.

PRINCE MILAN will return to Belgrade and endeavor to bring about the mediation of the Powers between Serbia and the Porte, although his Prime Minister will entreat him not to repair to the capital. It is thought if he persists he will be deposed and the pretender Karageorgevitch raised to the throne with the support of both Turkey and Austria.

DISPATCHES announced the massacre by the Turks of 3,000 Christians at Pryedor, and 300 at Pervan and Timar. At Rathlovo sixty children were stoned to death, and 180 young girls outraged and then murdered. The Turks attacked the Montenegrins at Medun on the 28th ult., and were defeated with immense loss. Derwish Pasha, the Turkish commander in Bosnia issued a proclamation prohibiting his troops giving quarter to Christians.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 375.



TURKEY.—SERVIAN TROOPS IN THE FORTRESS OF BELGRADE PREPARING TO START FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.



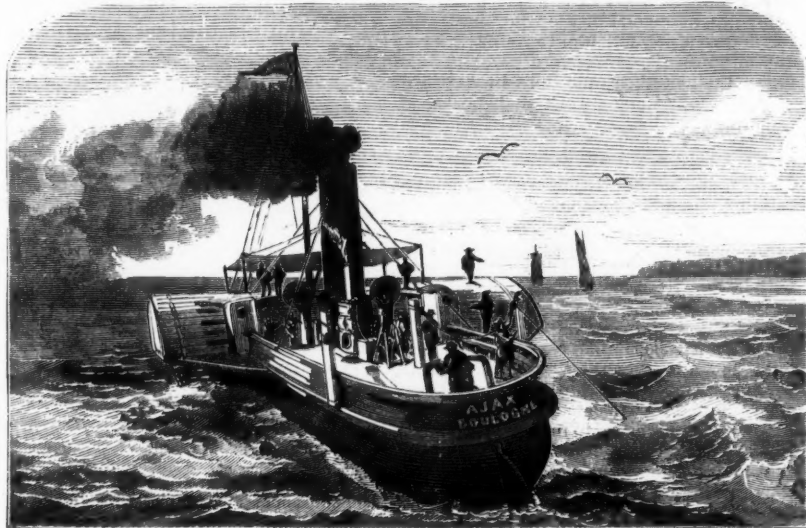
ENGLAND.—REVIEW OF THIRTY THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, JULY 1ST.



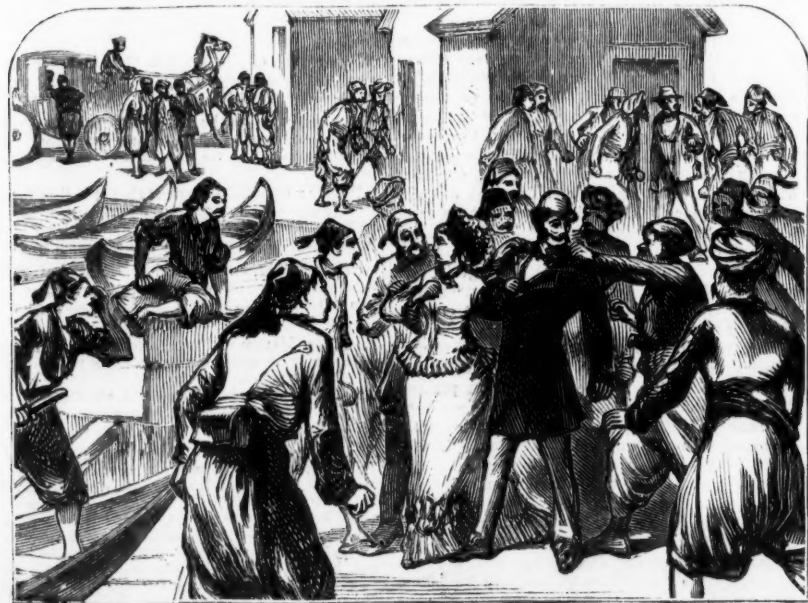
BELGIUM.—OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION OF HUMANE INVENTIONS.



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF SHEEP DOGS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON.



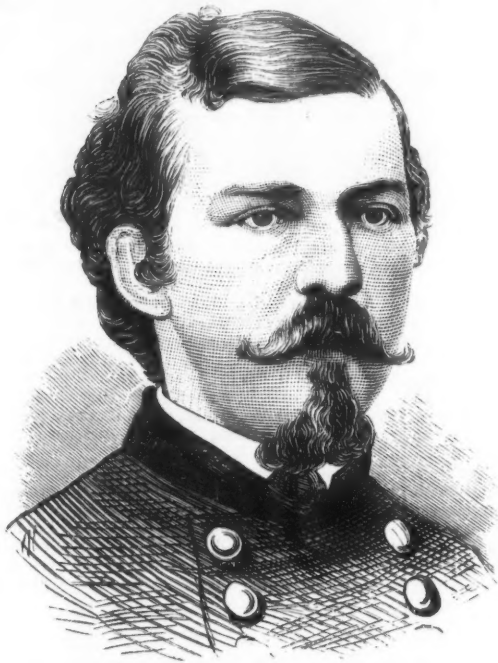
ENGLAND.—SOUNDING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL OVER THE PROPOSED SUBMARINE TUNNEL.



TURKEY.—EUROPEANS INSULTED IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



TURKEY.—EXAMINATION OF CAPTIVE INSURGENTS BEFORE THE PASHA OF WIDDIN.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COLONEL OF THE FIFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

THE SIOUX WAR.

OUR SKETCHES FROM GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY.

THE ATTACK AT TONGUE RIVER—THE ROSEBUD BATTLE—REINFORCEMENTS ON THE WAY—SCENE OF THE FORT PHIL KEARNEY MASSACRE—SIGNAL FIRES OF THE HOSTILE SIOUX.

[From our Special Correspondent in the Field.]

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, July 22d, 1876.

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: You will, perhaps, think me rather dilatory with my sketches, but I was unable to send them in before the Rosebud engagement, and after that affair no couriers came in. The Government dispatches went with the friendly Crow Indians via Bozeman, the day following, and I was not then prepared to send my drawings. However, I determined to be the bearer of my own papers, and returned as far as Fort Fetterman, with the supply train, in company with Thomas MacMullen.

The first incident of note occurred during our march from Powder River to the Crazy Woman's Fork, called, in the Sioux tongue, "Weeyah-wee-tko-tko-Wakpah." The savages had seen us, and a long tier of signal fires flashed all day from bluff to bluff along the valley of the Powder River, marking the haunts of Sitting Bull and his predatory braves.

I send you also the picket guard, stationed around the ruins of Old Fort Reno—in bygone days one of the defenders of the Bozeman Trail. At present it stands in its solitude on a slight elevation along the western shore of the Powder—fit emblem of the weakness of the Government towards the murdering, cut-throat savages.

The view taken at the graveyard at Phil Kearney

shows all that marks the spot where lie buried the victims of the massacre which has passed into history.

Our camp at this place made a splendid appearance, stretching as it did down the banks of the Little Piney for nearly one and a half miles.

During the day the graveyard received many visitors from the command, and one heard over and over again, in minute detail, the story of our loss and Red Cloud's triumph. In explanation of the sketch called "General Crook at the Scene of the Massacre," I will state that passing down the "hog back" about three miles from the post, to the left of the road stands a pile of rocks, marked with a long pole placed perpendicularly in one of the seams. This is where the gallant Fetterman and his struggling comrades yielded up their lives. General Crook dismounted and surveyed the scene from this point. All the way down this hill dead bodies were found marking the progress of the fight, while south of it stands the celebrated Indian Hill.

The next occurrence of importance happened at Tongue River. We had been camped there several days awaiting the arrival of Frank Guard, the chief scout, who had gone to the Crow Agency for some of these friendly Indians to act as a body of scouts. On the 9th of June, to relieve the monotony of camp life, some one got up a horse-race, and afterwards, the excitement being infectious, some one started a foot-race. This happened towards 5 P.M. Just as we were returning to our various tents, the Sioux, in all numbering,

ing of Companies M, A, I, and E of the Third, finally crossed the river, and dislodging, drove the enemy from their position. The soldiers fought well. The infantry on the right behind the trees stood well up to the work, and answered volley for volley with their "long Toms."

During the progress of the fight one chief, "The man with the Tin Hat," made a practice of charging backwards and forwards on the hill, a mark for the infantry below. While this performance was going on, another entertainment was on the boards along the river's edge. Several of the teamsters and packers had been watching "Tin Hat," and suddenly they broke forth in a chorus of comic yells, using such expressions as these—"Head him off," "Nosebag him," "Hobble him," at the same time running and jumping and tumbling around there under a heavy fire. The boys said they "had to have their fun out of that Indian." On the 11th of June we took the back trail to Goose Creek, the permanent supply camp of the season. It was here Frank Guard found us. He brought with him 150 Crow scouts, and on the same day 80 Shoshonie Indians arrived, preparing us for the affair which occurred a few days afterwards. The wagon-train and pack-train remained on Goose Creek, and entrenched themselves, while the main command proceeded northward, June 16th, its purpose being to attack the Indian village situated, as it was supposed, on the Rosebud. On the morning of the 17th, at 8:45, the Sioux Indians attacked us from all directions. The account of



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED TERRY, U. S. ARMY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL.—SEE PAGE 374.

Major Randall, seeing the peril of the little command, turned the Crows and Shoshonies down the hollow at full speed, while the infantry poured a splendid volley into the Sioux from a small elevation in the middle distance. The main body of cavalry was massed in the right middle distance. This was the hottest part of the entire fight. The Sioux literally swarmed over the hills.

I will close my letter by stating that we retired in good order to the supply camp on Goose Creek; from thence I came in with the trains as far as Fort Fetterman, at which place I secured the last sketch I send you.

GENERAL N. A. MILES, U. S. A.

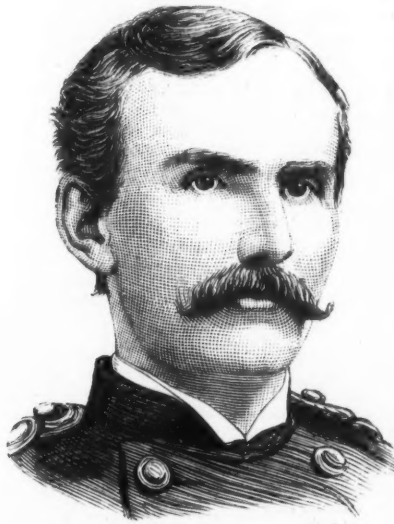
COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry of the United States Army, is a native of Massachusetts. He entered the service as captain of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, September 9th, 1861, and in May of the following year he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers. In June, 1864, he received the star of a brigadier-general; in October, 1865, he received the double-star of the major-general, and was, after the late General Custer, the youngest officer of that rank in the army. General Miles was mustered out of the volunteer service September 1st, 1866, and immediately went into the Regular Army as Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, occupying that position until March, 1869, when he was transferred to the command of the Fifth Infantry.

This regiment was organized by Act of Congress approved June 26th, 1812, reorganized March 3d, 1815, by consolidation of the Fourth, Ninth, Thirtieth, Twenty-first, Fortieth and Forty-sixth Regiments; and again, March 3d, 1869, by consolidation of the Fifth and one-half of the Thirty-seventh Regiments. The first action in which this regiment was engaged was at Cook's Mills, Upper Canada, October 19th, 1814. It passed through the Mexican War, participating in all the leading movements, and also through the Rebellion.

At the time of the Custer disaster General Miles was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After the defeat he was ordered to proceed immediately to the relief of General Crook, and several batteries from New York and Sackett's Harbors were started off to replace troops in Kansas.



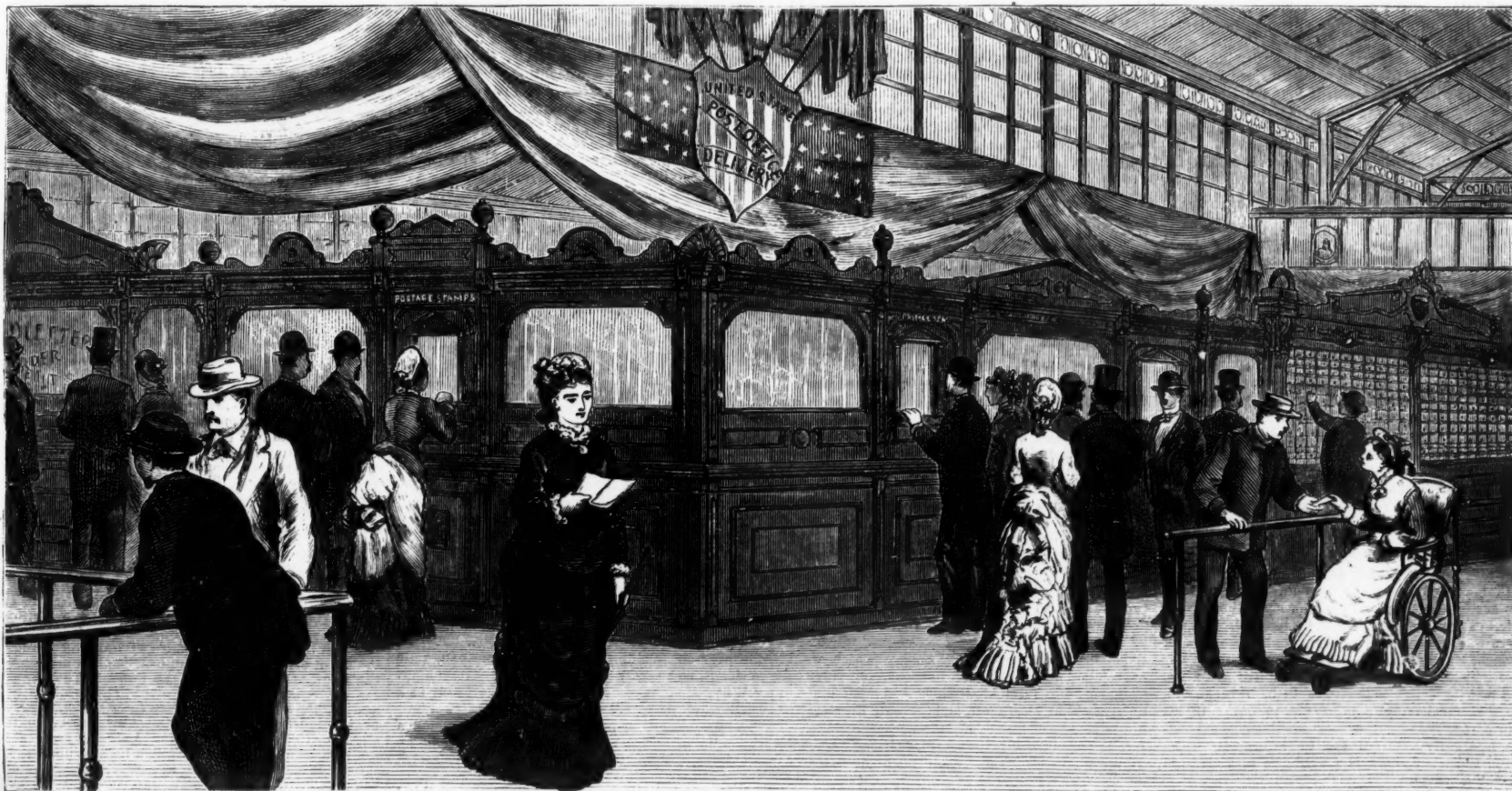
THE LATE SECOND-LIEUTENANT JAMES G. STURGIS, SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL.—SEE PAGE 374.



THE LATE ASSISTANT-SURGEON GEORGE E. LORD, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL.—SEE PAGE 374.

I should judge, two hundred warriors, appeared in all their gay trappings and bravery on the bluffs across the river, and for one solid hour poured into us volley after volley. The cavalry under Captain Mills and other officers, consist-

this engagement, I suppose, all have read ere this. I shall only speak of that part of the fight portrayed in my sketch. Colonel Royall was retreating across a wide hollow with his detachment of cavalry, when the Sioux charged them from the hill.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE POST OFFICE IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 380.

General Miles was in command of the Military District of Fortress Monroe, Va., while Jefferson Davis was a prisoner of State in the walls of that post. Clement C. Clay was also for a time a fellow-prisoner with Mr. Davis. The duty of custodian of these distinguished captives was very irksome, and drew down considerable obloquy upon General Miles, which, however, was entirely misplaced. He acted with the utmost circumspectness during the whole period that Fortress Monroe was used as a State prison, and in his treatment of the prisoners he was cautious to take no steps, however apparently trivial, without explicit instructions from the War Department. His conduct was fully indorsed by all who were in a position to judge it with any fairness. Since the war General Miles has done considerable service on the Plains, and has earned for himself a high reputation as an able Indian fighter, his unflinching bravery being held in balance by a deliberate, cautious temperament. He was married about five years ago to a niece of General Sherman.

LATE TO CHURCH.

Along the road, on either side,
The elder boughs are budding,
The meadow lands a rosy tide
Of clover bloom is flooding;
The sunny landscape is so fair,
So sweet the blossomed-scented air,
That when I went to church to-day
I could but choose the longest way.

Loud sang the happy birds, and round
The milk-weed flowers the bees were humming;
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming.
I did not turn my head to see—
And yet I knew who followed me—
Before Tom called me: "Kitty, stay,
And let me share with you the way!"

We did not mind our steps grew slow,
Or noticed when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late—but, lo!
When we had reached the church the singing
Was over and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we go in? should we stay out?
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring;
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed,
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"

Another Sunday, come what will,
I mean to be in church in season;
But to regret this morning, still
I trust I never shall have reason:
For should I wear a wedding dress
A year from now, perhaps you'll guess
What Tom said to me when, to-day,
We walked to church the longest way.

A VILLAGE HEIRESS.

GRACE DENNIS was said to be her name; neither she herself nor any one else was quite sure about it. She was a sort of human wisp who had been cast high and dry into our neighborhood by the law of storms; though where the tempest had raged when her belongings had gone down to limbo was no affair of ours. The girl had rather an indifferent reputation, too; for her grandmother, who had brought her up, was a cantankerous old crone, and roundly declared by many ignorant bumpkins to be a witch. Old Granny Dennis had strayed into Buckinghamshire with an imp of a child about a dozen years before, and they both lived in a tumble-down hovel more like a pig-stye than a human habitation. They and their hovel was a scandal to the neighborhood, but no one could interfere with them; for their residence was a copyhold property held at a peppercorn rent from the duke with the twist, who was lord of the manor, and never spent a penny on improvements.

The lads of the nearest village called Grace Dennis a "tomboy," and she gave them as good language as she received. It was partly ludicrous, partly sorrowful, to see in what rage and scraps of stuffs the girl was dressed, if that could be called dress which was merely an imperfect covering. She could climb trees like a young squirrel, could back a horse without saddle or bridle, and the unbroken colt she happened to find in a field unwatched must have felt that he had fallen on an evil day when she drew nigh. Indeed, if the girl had been washed and combed and clothed like other girls; if her nose had not been so very short, and had not turned up so decidedly; if her eyes had not disclosed such a mocking disposition, she would have been a smart little person enough. Unluckily, although she was but a child of a thing who did not know how to make the most of a trim figure and a cheerful voice, she was unnaturally precocious in other respects; for she was at war with all the mean little rural world about her. It was ill work measuring tongues with Granny Dennis, as the clodhoppers and their wives had frequently learned by experience, for the rancorous old woman took a perverse delight in doing what she could to inspire a feeling which was not unlike terror; and she was uncommonly handy with a broomstick if any one approached her hovel uninvited. When she was in a fair temper she sold dried bats and owls to nail on barn-doors, half horseshoes for good luck, and infallible scare-crows to keep small birds off choice wall-fruit, so that many of the quality and their gardeners dealt with her; but when she was angry or offended she scolded in a manner which made the rustic's hair to stand upon an end as he listened. Indeed there was a terrible tradition that she swore in French, which added to the uncanny nature of her proceedings. Grace, however, inspired no fears, and many a sullen lout strove to be revenged on the girl for having been made to quake in his skin by her grandmother. Thus it happened that she had early acquired the noble art of self-defense, and was as fleet as a wild cat, with claws to the full as sharp.

Nevertheless she nearly came to grief one Saturday afternoon out Wakefield-in-the-Marsh way. It had been fair-day and market-day at Dronington,

and some of the "navvies" employed on the new railway cuttings were coming home full of beer and high wages, when they sighted Grace bird's-nesting in a beech tree on Job Davis's farm. They came upon her suddenly, and at once raised a "view halloo"; but the girl was almost too quick for them, and droppings from her perch as lightly as a kitten she sat off running in a manner which showed a pretty trick of speed. But whether the grass was slippery with the dew of an Autumn evening, or whether she struck one of her feet into a mole's burrow, is not certain; sure it is only that she got a sharp fall, and sprained her ankle severely. When she arose, half-stunned by her tumble, the "navvies" had closed upon her, and a more evil set of blackguards could not have been found betwixt Wakefield and the Land's End. They would have made very light of her screams or her scuffling; and one of them, big Harry Hodge, a reprobate blacksmith, who seemed to be their ringleader, had just laid hands upon the scared child with a drunken laugh, when William Davis, the farmer's son, came trotting along the road on his dapple grey pony. He was a tall fair lad of about twenty years old, very loosely put together, with wondering round eyes and lips half open. He checked his horse in an indifferent, lazy way to see what was going on, and looked calmly over the "navvies" heads at Grace's trouble. "Wo ho, Dobbin!" said William Davis, when his pony pawed the ground with a fore-foot in sign of impatience; "Wo ho, Dobbin, let us see the fun!"

There might have been many duller amusements than to witness a fair set-to between the young witch and Big Harry, for the smith would have no chance against her nimbleness of tongue and limbs, and would have floundered about like a bear with a gnat in his ear till he went mad with rage and impotence; but Grace was evidently not herself that day, and when the coarse giant grappled with her she only put her hand to her head as though dazed, and made no resistance.

"Fair play, Harry," observed Mr. William Davis, stroking Dobbin's mane with this black-thorn. "Fair play's a jewel," and having thus expressed himself, the farmer opened his round eyes still wider than usual and looked for approbation.

"It baint no bizniz uv thoine, Willum Davus, naeow, so it baint," growled Big Harry; and his friends, countrymen, and lovers seemed to agree with him.

"Still tongs meaks wiose 'eds, varmer," likewise remarked a navy ripe for mischief; and William Davis continued to look blandly on, feeling that the majority was in opposition.

Harry Hodge slowly took a flint and steel which he carried in the innermost depths of his coriandry breeches, and began with tipsy gravity to strike a light; while his chum, who had just expressed such a valuable opinion respecting the benefits to be derived from silence, also fumbled in his pockets, and presently brought out a lucifer match, which he held up in the deepening twilight with an air of drunken triumph, as though he had made a discovery.

"That's t' tikkut for soop, Jem!" exclaimed Big Harry, taking the match from his fellow-laborer, and restoring the flint and steel to the gloomy recesses whence they had issued. Then kindling a lurid flame on the upturned sole of one of his hob-nailed boots, he set fire to poor Grace's rage, and roared, "Naeow, then, wench, run for't, can't ee? We means for to've some sport, we dux. Tally ho! Run for't!"

It was a fine old English game, such as is often heard of in the shires during holiday time; and the chase of a burning woman in a high wind is said to be so exciting that a beloved prince once personally took part in it. But Grace could not be started, because she was lame, and too much stunned by her fall to understand exactly what was being done to her; so that she would, perhaps, have been burnt to death as she stood if William Davis had not interfered.

"I say, come, blacksmith, enough said," cried the young farmer. "Let her go free."

"O'll let go inter thy noddle, varmer, unless thee dost hold thee jaw," answered Big Harry, with a guffaw; and then Grace set up a big yell, for the fire had scorched her bad foot.

"Oh, Measter Willum, Measter Willum!" shrieked the agonized girl; "does have pity, does, does measter!" And as she wailed the sound of her cries and of the navvies' drunken oaths and laughter were all mingled together in a confused noise which seemed still further to intoxicate the brutality of her tormentors.

Young Davis now dismounted from his pony, and elbowed his way through the navvies. Then he extinguished with his large, friendly hands the sparks which still smoldered on the damp skirts of Grace's dress, and good-humoredly turned with those vacant, wondering blue eyes of his towards Big Harry.

"Let her go, blacksmith," he said again; and to the girl he added: "Be off, Grace, over the hedge into our bean-field as fast as thee canst go."

"I can't budge a foot, measter," whimpered the girl, looking down with a shamed face; for she did not like to show her sprained ankle.

"Then take my pony, Grace," replied young Davis, soothingly; "only don't ride his tail off," he added, warningly, with a vivid recollection of Grace's feats as a horsewoman.

"No, Measter Willum," said the girl, humbly; and she tried to limp towards the pony, but she nearly fell to the ground at the second step.

"Why, I declare I must carry thee, Grace," muttered the young fellow, putting her on her legs again, and lifting her in his large arms as though she had been made of cork.

"Stop a minute, varmer," roared Big Harry. "Settle yer score with me fust." And the blacksmith dealt William Davis a blow which would have felled an ox had he hit straight out from the shoulder; but fermented liquor had made his arm unsteady that afternoon, and he only overreached himself.

"If you want a bellyfull, blacksmith," then said William Davis, with Saxon plegma, "I don't much mind a givin' on to you." And he was as good as his word, while the navvies formed a ring round them to see a fair fight. These jolly fellows were as much gratified with that form of

entertainment as they would have been with the other of which they had been deprived. They were pleased likewise to see the farmer make short work with one of their own class; and William Davis having satisfied that true-born Englishman with the natural gift of two black eyes, which are infallible tokens of neighborly esteem between British friends, shortly afterwards contrived to get rid of Grace, and thought no more of his adventure.

It was about a twelvemonth after these events that Grace Dennis came one morning to see Job Davis. Her grandmother had been dead some weeks, and a great change had come over the girl. She was neatly dressed, and her auburn hair was well combed. She looked like a well-to-do yeoman's daughter. Still Job received her rather stiffly. His circumstances were comfortable, he had a farm of three hundred acres at a low rent, and he was one of the churchwardens of his parish. His fields brought him enough to keep himself, his son William, and their pony Dobbin in plump ease, and left a profit in cash after their appetites were satisfied. It is but doing justice to these two Davises and the pony to add that the desire for food was of that keen and healthy nature which is always ready to deal expeditiously with all forms of wholesome nourishment. Wherever father or son were seen, the beholder might safely have wagered that beef and beer were not far off. Indeed, though the farmer was a good deal troubled by thistles, his hay was the sweetest in Dronington market, and fetched a high price. He had a substantial red brick house, in which his father and grandfather had dwelt before him, and there, was—first, a prolific vegetable garden; and next, a fruitful orchard on three sides of it; while the fourth was upon the very high road to the county town. Folks said in those parts that Farmer Davis grew the best potatoes, cauliflowers, and apples round about. Perhaps it was true, perhaps it wasn't, but Job believed in his own excellence most firmly. He was a man of good courage, not unkindly, and very fond of his family, without being more than usually unjust towards his parishioners.

William and an elder brother, who was a thriving corn-chandler, had rewarded the patriotic endeavors of Job Davis to increase the population of his native country. They were both built on the same pattern as himself, broad in the shoulders, heavy in the loins, so that Job was proud of his offspring and they were proud of him; and thus strengthened and comforted by a stalwart progeny, he ruled over his neighbors with an authority derived from a robust common sense which was nearly infallible, and from character without flaw or blemish.

So when old Granny Dennis died no one was surprised to hear that Grace had consulted Job Davis as to what she should do for a living; and most people expected he would advise her to go out as a farm-servant, unless he felt disposed to employ her himself in haymaking that year, for the crops were heavy and all the farmers wanted hands. She was but a slip of a creature, but she was willing and active when put to do any work she fancied in the open air, and she might be worth her wages. A shilling a day and her beer would not be too much nor too little if she behaved herself.

So, probably, thought Job Davis, but it did not suit a churchwarden's dignity to strike a hardish bargain in too great a hurry; and while he was pondering over it, Grace put on a demure look and asked him to take her to some place where they might confer in secret.

"I don't much fancye them sikrits you talks oon, gurl, but we can go into t' barn if thee loikes. Nubbudy wun't lis'n tu what we says theer."

They went out to the barn accordingly, and after Grace Dennis had looked sharply about to see that there was no one within earshot, she sat herself decorously down upon a truss of straw, and spoke as follows (errors excepted):

"You know, master, that there was no love lost between you and grandmother. But she always said you were a true man, and every one agrees with her. Folks blame you for being a bit proud," added the girl, slyly, and dwelling with emphasis on this allegation; "but they do you justice. Many a time and oft grandmother has told me good tales of you. So now I am come to ask you a favor, and to place my trust in you."

"What's the matter now?" asked Job Davis, puzzled by this address. "Everybuddy can axe advice of a choorchwarden, an' your sikrits if honest be quite safe with me."

"My secret is here," gasped Grace Dennis, passing a large basket which she carried with a visible muscular effort to Job Davis. "Grandmother had saved up more than folks thought, you see, master; and she hid it away in a hole behind the chimney. 'It's all your own, Grace,' she said to me; 'and if I have pinched your back and your stomach a bit while I was living, you can make up for it when I am dead. I could not bear to part with it, and that's the truth. (Poor grandmother!) Only mind, girl, don't let the lawyers get hold of it. Go to Job Davis, and he will tell you what to do, and so will his son William.' These were the last words she spoke, farmer, and here I am," said the girl, again eyeing him keenly.

"I am much obliged by your good word, Grace," answered the old farmer; "but I cannot touch your money. Did your grandmother make a will?"

"No," replied Grace, simply, and there was a glitter in her downcast eyes which might have told one who knew her that she was enjoying the old man's curiosity. "I have no friends, and I don't know what to do with my property!"

"Property!" interrupted Job Davis, uneasily, touching the handle of the basket, as though by accident, and trying to lift it with his forefinger. "Why, what have us got heer? 'Tis heavy as a cartload of old iron."

Grace smiled, and pretended that she found a difficulty in opening the basket by reason of its many fastenings, while Job Davis again protested that he could not touch her money.

"You will have to come to it though, master," said the girl, resolutely, "for you cannot refuse the last request of the dead. Besides, I cannot

count up to more than twenty, and shall not know whether I am rich or poor till you have told."

"Well then, girl," muttered the farmer, "it baint such a big favor to ask after all;" and inquisitiveness getting quite the better of him, he began eagerly to investigate the contents of the basket, and found wrapped up in old rags and old stockings nearly a hundred pounds.

"Heer's a putty business!" exclaimed the churchwarden, and he perspired with excitement and surprise till his broad face shone with a benevolence he had never before displayed for Grace Dennis. "You have gotten enough money heer to buy you a husband—a good husband, too, dang it!" shouted the churchwarden, startled out of his official dignity.

Again the girl smiled in a meaning way she had, and quietly remarked: "There is more at the bottom of the basket, master." And sure enough there was another old stocking of strong-knitted worsted, and it was firmly sewn at the top.

"Let us open it, master," said Grace, and she cut the stout threads which closed it with a pair of scissors she produced for the occasion quite naturally.

How much Job Davis found in that stocking has never been precisely known, for he was a prudent old man who kept his own counsel; but when he asked Grace what she meant to do with her fortune, and she observed that she would like to hear if William Davis had anything to say upon the subject, Job promptly agreed with her that it might not be a bad plan to consult him. Grace never went back to her cottage again, but resided for a whole year with Job Davis, who unaccountably, as the neighbors thought, took quite a fatherly liking to her. In twelve months' time, too, she married his son, to the amazement of all the gossips for twenty miles round. William Davis has long since bought the land which his forefathers rented, and he has never quite ceased to wonder at his good luck that day he fought Big Harry near the beandfield in defense of a helpless girl, and so won the heart of the Village Heiress.

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY.

GENERAL TERRY who commands the military forces in Wyoming now operating against the Sioux, is a native of Connecticut. He entered the service in May, 1861, as a Colonel of the Second Connecticut Volunteers, and in September of the same year he assumed command of the Seventh Connecticut. On April 25th, 1872, he was made a Brigadier General of Volunteers, and on January 15th, 1865, he was promoted to Major-General. His record during the war was conspicuous, the daring assault upon Fort Fisher, resulting in its capture, being one of its most marked features. General Terry was appointed at the close of the rebellion a full brigadier-general in the Regular Army, to date from January 15th, 1865, and was placed in command of the Department of the James, with headquarters at Richmond, Va. His successful campaign against the rebellious Indians in Minnesota attracted attention to him as an Indian fighter, and his service during the past few years has been principally on the Western frontier.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT STURGIS, AND ASSISTANT-SURGEON LORD, KILLED IN THE LITTLE BIG HORN FIGHT.

JAMES G. STURGIS, one of the victims of the Custer butchery, was the youngest of all the brave squadron that rode into the valley of death. He was born in New Mexico, and on graduating from the West Point Military Academy in June, 1875, he was commissioned second lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry. As he was the last, so was his father first, on the list of officers. General Samuel D. Sturgis, Colonel of the Seventh, was father of the young lieutenant who died while in the performance of his duty. The father was absent on other duty, but the son preserved the honor of the family name. Dr. George E. Lord, another of the slain, was a native of Massachusetts, but was appointed from Maine. He was commissioned under Section 4 of the Act of June, 1874, a First Lieutenant in the Medical Department, June 26th, 1875, with the title of Assistant-Surgeon.

Mark Twain's Last.

The following characteristic note from "Mark Twain" was received by the *Evening Post*, July 24th. Its manner of transmittal was in perfect harmony with the spirit of its contents, the envelope being freighted with thirty-nine cents worth of postage-stamps, where a single one of three cents would have sufficed. The writer was evidently determined not to place the new Postmaster-General in jeopardy of his place:

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

Now, when there is so much worrying and wailing and legislating about economy in postage, may I ask your attention to a conundrum touching that matter? If you write to a person in certain foreign countries, our Government will forward your letter without requiring you to prepay the postage; but if you write to a person in your own or a neighboring State, you must not only prepay, but be sure you do not fall short a single penny; for if you do, the Government will be afraid to risk collecting the penny at the other end, but will rush your letter to the Dead Letter Office (at an expense of about two cents), and then write you (at an expense of three cents), that you can have it by writing for it (prepayment three cents) and enclosing three cents for its transmission. To illustrate our system: A fortnight ago a citizen of Hartford mailed a letter, directed to me at this place where I am summing, and inadvertently fell one cent short of full prepayment. The post-office authorities held a council of war over it and then sent it to Washington in charge of an artillery regiment, at great cost to the nation. The Dead Letter Department worried over it several days and nights and then wrote me (at a cost of three cents) that I could have my letter for a three-cent stamp or its equivalent in coin. I, like an ass, sent for it, thinking it might contain a legacy, and yesterday it arrived here in a man-of-war, at vast expense to the Government, and was brought to these premises by three companies of marines and a mortar battery, all of whom staid to supper. The letter had nothing in it but a doctor's bill. On

the same day I received a heavy letter from England with a one-penny stamp on it and the words "Collect eighteen pence." It had been forwarded from Hartford without ever going to the Dead Letter Office. The conundrum I wish to ask is this: If a letter be under-prepaid, would it not be well to do it up in a bag and send it along, taking the risk of collecting the deficit at the other end, as used to be the custom before we learned so much?

However, the expense which I (and the Government) incurred in the transmission of a doctor's bill, which I did not want and do not value now that I have got it, was not the gravest feature of this unfortunate episode. The Postmaster-General was removed from the Cabinet for not collecting postage for the six days that my letter remained in the Dead Letter Office. It seems to me that this punishment was conspicuously disproportionate to the offense.

MARK TWAIN.

Elmira, N. Y., July 22d, 1876.

Earliest Visitors of Saratoga Springs.

THE first white man who (so far as is known) visited Saratoga Springs was Sir William Johnson, Baronet, Sir William, under a commission of Major-General from George II., defeated the French Army under Baron Dieskau at the Battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755. In this action he received a wound from which he never recovered, and was frequently subject to serious illness. It was during one of these attacks that the Mohawks revealed to their "beloved brother," War-rah-gi-yah-gi (Johnson), the medicinal properties of the "High Rock Spring." Nor, perhaps, could there have been a stronger proof of the affection in which he was held by the Indians than this act of giving to him the benefits of that which they had always sacredly guarded as a precious gift to themselves from the Great Spirit. Accompanied by his Indian guides, the baronet, on the 22d of August, 1767, being too feeble to walk, was placed on a litter and borne on the shoulders of his faithful Mohawks through the woods to the spring. Here he remained in a rude bark lodge for four days, by which time he was so much benefited as to be able to return to Johnstown, part of the way on foot. The popularity of Saratoga Springs as a watering-place may be said to date from this visit; "My dear Schuyler," writes the baronet to his intimate friend, General Philip Schuyler, "I have just returned from a visit to a most amazing spring, which almost effected my cure; and I have sent for Dr. Stringer, of New York, to come up and analyze it." Hence it was that the fact of so distinguished a personage as Sir William having been partially restored by the water soon became noised through the country, inducing others to make the trial. In 1770, a Dr. Constable, who resided at Schenectady, examined the water at Saratoga, and pronounced it highly medicinal. In October, 1777, Major-General Moores, of Plattsburg, who was stationed after Burgoyne's surrender in the vicinity, visited the spring; and in 1783 Dr. Samuel Tenney, regimental surgeon in camp at Fish Creek, also paid a visit to the spring, and made some judicious remarks on its uses as a medicine. In the summer of the same year General Schuyler cut a road through the forest from Schuylerville to the High Rock, and erected a tent, under which his family spent several weeks, using the water. For many years after its discovery, the High Rock continued to be the resort of people from all sections of the country; and when other springs were found in the neighboring village of Ballston, in 1770, the chief drive of the visitors was there through the woods to the "High Rock." The accommodations, however, for a long time were of the most primitive character. "These waters," writes Elkanah Watson, in visiting the High Rock in 1790, "are situated in a marsh. There is no convenience for bathing except an open log-hut, with a large trough, similar to those used in feeding swine, which receives the water from the spring. Into this you roll from off a bench." In 1783 General Washington, accompanied by his aids Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, and Colonel Humphreys and Fish, visited the High Rock on their return from an inspection of the northern forts, their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler, while guests at the latter's house at Schuylerville. On their return route through the woods, when near the present village of Ballston, they lost their way. Near the bridge-path lived "Tom" Conner, who was chopping wood at his cabin-door. They inquired the way, and Tom gave the requisite directions. The party accordingly retraced their steps a short distance, but, becoming bewildered, rode back for more explicit directions. Tom had by this time lost his temper, and peevishly cried out to the spokesman of the party, who happened to be Washington, "I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path, and then stick to it; any damned fool would know the way." When poor Tom learned whom he had thus addressed he was greatly chagrined. His neighbors for a long time tormented him on his "reception of General Washington." The next year, 1784, another distinguished person visited the High Rock, brought there by the advice of Washington, viz., Colonel Otho H. Williams; and in 1790 the mother of the late Hon. Theodore Dwight also visited the spring, coming from Hartford on horseback. On reaching the spring, Mrs. Dwight found but three habitations, and those but poor log-houses on the high bank of a meadow. The log-cabins were full of visitors, and she found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights. Among the visitors to the High Rock in the Spring succeeding Mrs. Dwight's visit were a Congressman (John Taylor Gilman) and an aged gentleman, his friend and fellow-traveler. One day as the former, accompanied by a young son of the woodsman with whom they were stopping, was returning from a hunt along a foot-path leading to the cabin, the aged gentleman meanwhile sitting on the door-step awaiting their coming, the boy, highly elated, ran forward, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, we've found a new spring!" To the question, "Who found it?" the son replied, "The Congress." The aged gentleman then said, laughing, to Mr. Gilman, who had now come up: "The spring shall always be called the Congress." Thereupon the entire household "turned out" and went down to see the wonderful discovery. At this period it was necessary to climb over logs waist-high to gain access to the new spring, the water issuing from a fissure in the rock, and being conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice. The village now rapidly increased; new springs were discovered; a large frame house was built in 1802 by Gideon Putnam on the site of the present Grand Union, having for its sign a quaint representation of the adventure of "Putnam and the Wolf," and thenceforth the "Springs" became the resort of those who were in pursuit of health and pleasure.

The Shah's Throne-Room.

IN the Shah's palace of Teheran the grandest and most notable apartment is that in which he receives, on the occasion of a *salam* or *levee*, the diplomatic body and other persons of distinction, and the throne-room in which he sits, upon rare occasions, in motionless majesty, exposed to the homage of the people. One mounts to the imperial presence by six painful, high steps, and then enters the hall by an open doorway, close to the west end and just beneath a very large picture, which, somewhere about the centre, contains a full-length

portrait of the Emperor of Austria. Beneath this hangs a landscape and a seapiece, evidently purchased from some French gallery; the small tin plate bearing the exhibition number of each still remains in the corner. It is at the opposite end of the room that the "Shadow of God" sits on his heels, or stands to receive the envoys of Europe. There, in the centre, may be seen one of the characteristic feats—probably the greatest artwork—of his Majesty's long reign. It is a two-foot globe, covered with jewels from the north pole to the extremities of the tripod in which the gemmed sphere is placed. The story goes that his Majesty bought—more probably accepted, as all events, was in possession of—a heap of jewels for which he could find no immediate purpose. Nothing could add to the lustre of his crown of diamonds, which is surmounted by the largest ruby we have ever seen, including those of her Majesty and the Emperors of Germany and Russia. He had the "Sea of Light," a diamond in size but little inferior to the British "Mountain of Light." He had coats embroidered with diamonds, with emeralds, with rubies, with pearls and with garnets; he had jeweled swords and daggers without number—so, possibly, because he had his royal mind turned towards travel, he ordered this globe to be constructed, covered with gems, the over-spreading seas to be of emeralds, and the kingdoms of the world distinguished by jewels of different color. The Englishman notes with pride that England flashes in diamonds; and a Frenchman may share the feeling, for France glitters illustrious as the British Isles, being set out with the same imperial gems. The dominion of the Shah's great neighbor, the brand new Empress of India, is marked with amethysts; while Africa blazes against the literally emerald sea, a whole continent of rubies. Near the globe, side by side with a French coach, worth perhaps a hundred francs, stands the Shah's throne, which of course is arranged for sittings after the manner of the country. It occupies a space almost as large as Mr. Spurgeon's or Mr. Ward Beecher's pulpit, for the occupants of this throne have occasionally had a *kaleen* or *kookah* of wonderful dimensions with them upon the splendid carpet, which is fringed with tens of thousands of pearls. The bolster, upon which the Shah rests his back or arm, is embroidered with pearls. Behind his head is a "sun" all glittering with jewels, supported at the four corners by birds in plumage of the same costly material. On the other side of the room, grimy with dust and horribly incongruous, there is a table, the top inlaid with the beautiful work of Florence, and a model of the Arch of Titus, both gifts from His Holiness the infallible Pope. Near these presents, in a recess, and in a very common wooden frame, is a portrait of Havelock, and, not far off, a timepiece with "running water" and a nodding peacock, a gift from the East India Company. The only means of preventing rain or snow from entering this and the other halls of his Majesty's palace is the hanging of large cotton sheets, covering the sides which are open to the weather.

Society Promptitude.

THERE is a very common saying among fine ladies, that they always start at the hour at which they are asked; which is, *prima facie*, absurd enough, but which, nevertheless, works fairly well if the start really takes place at the proposed time, and if the distance to be traversed is reasonably short. But what the said fine ladies call "starting" really resolves itself into ordering the carriage; and when they should be stepping into it they are in reality just beginning to dress, having dawdled away the previous hour in doing nothing, or in yawning over a novel which has not even amused them. The carriage drives up and down, often in snow or in pouring rain, for half an hour or more, the coachman not unnaturally anathematizing his mistress, and resolving never to be punctual again; yet, with a curious self-deception, she persists in imagining and in asserting that she started at a quarter to eight, because she had ordered the brougham at that hour. Again, distance never enters into her calculations. She has got it firmly fixed in her mind, that the hour at which she is asked is the time to start; and nothing short of the sharp and salutary discipline of finding that people have sat down without her, and of having to endure the consequent outpouring of the vials of marital wrath, will force her to recognize the element of distance.

Perhaps the climax of absurdity is reached by the people who arrive first, and almost invariably apologize for being the first comers, though even they are in all probability at least ten minutes behind time. As the *convites* cannot meet in the hall and walk up-stairs in a row this is surely too ridiculous; besides, in the name of common-sense, why should people apologize for coming when they are asked? It is not to occur to them that, in the nature of things, some one must be first, and it may surely as well be them as any one else. We always think that the necromancers of old were children compared to the cooks of modern life, who, by some extraordinary and utterly incomprehensible magic, contrive to send up the dinner in an eatable condition whether the guests are by miracle punctual, or they are an hour late. Of course the fish is boiled to rags, but it is a wonder it is not boiled out of existence altogether; the *entrées* are flat and tasteless with waiting, but what does Mrs. Featherhead care? She had a cup of tea and a large plateful of bread-and-butter at five o'clock if she was at home; or if she went to a *ket-drum*, probably regaled herself with a roll filled with lobster-salad, and some champagne-cup. Not being hungry herself, she is serenely indifferent to the ruin of the dinner consequent on her impertinent folly; and, when her husband grumbles, wonders plaintively "how men can care so much about eating."

Herzegovinian Customs.

A PARTY of German medical men are at present in Montenegro, in aid of the Herzegovinian wounded. One of them has addressed to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a series of letters which are just now of high interest, as showing the peculiar state of civilization in the Black Mountain. The Montenegro doctor who co-operates with the German medical men is a certain Domo Ilizkowitz, whose family has for several centuries furnished exclusively the local *Escuclaps*. Domo Ilizkowitz, like most of his countrymen, can neither read nor write! Such "science" as he possesses has come to him through oral tradition. When a person dies, the funeral wail or howling is generally continued during several days; women tearing out their hair in wild frenzy. Superstition is universal. Thunder is believed to arise from the fact of St. Peter playing at ninepins, while lightning is regarded as the reflex of the sword with which St. Elias combats the devil. When there is a fire to be extinguished, people call out: "Wine! wine!"—instead of "Water!"—believing, as they do, that, by uttering the latter word, the genius of Fire would feel insulted. Life is insecure. Men shoot down each other for a mere trifle; and judicial punishment for such acts of violence is rare, especially if the person killed is not of Montenegro birth. A Herzegovinian, who is the chief official of the district where the party of German medical men at present are active, cannot dare to leave his house at night, from fear of being murdered—simply because he has attracted hatred upon himself by being appointed to his office in consequence of his ability, whilst not being a Montenegro by birth. The power of the prince is a despotism

one, to all intents and purposes. Thus only was he able, after having given his assent to the Geneva Convention, to forbid the cutting off of the heads of captive Turks. This order of his is, however, not relished. When two Montenegrins meet, the first question always is: "How many Turks' heads hast thou cut off?" Almost daily, men are introduced to the German doctors, with the remark: "He is a hero; he has cut off so many Turks' heads!" It is considered an insult not to ask a Montenegrin hero as to his performances in that line. Kissing among men is a general practice, on every occasion—even at table, after a dish of garlic or onions. Women, who occupy the most inferior position, are never saluted by men; but they salute men by kissing their hands or the hem of their garments. Special reverence is shown to a person by a kiss on the stomach. Such is the report of a well-meaning "friend of the prince."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Insurrection in Turkey.

We present this week an illustration of the preparations inside the fortification of Belgrade for the departure of a detachment of Prince Milan's troops for the seat of war in Herzegovina. On July 1st the Prince likewise left the capital to assume command of his army. The Serbian reserve retained for garrison duty were drawn up before the palace, and the whole population turned out. The Prince appeared on horseback at the head of his staff, and made a brief and enthusiastic address, immediately after which he set out to cross the frontier for the assistance of the Bosnians and Herzegovinians. Another cut represents the examination of insurgent prisoners before a pasha at Widdin, a Bulgarian town on the Danube, which was famous in the Russian war twenty-two years ago. The excitement against Christians in Constantinople has not entirely ceased, and instances—one of which we illustrate—are announced of Europeans being affronted in the streets. Few persons of any foreign nation care to remain now in the capital unless detained there by urgent business.

The Volunteer Review in Hyde Park.

On July 1st, upwards of 30,000 British Volunteers assembled in Hyde Park, London, for review. About 5,000 regulars were likewise in attendance. The gathering was the largest of the kind that ever took place in England, and the crowd of spectators was enormous. The troops were divided into fifteen brigades of five divisions, the whole being under the command of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. After being reviewed by the Prince of Wales the column was played into a grand line of brigade columns, which marched a short distance to the front, halted, and gave the Royal salute. The spectacle is described as having been magnificent.

The Brussels Humane Exhibition.

An International Exhibition of apparatus and models of schemes for the saving of life and health was opened at Brussels, July 1st, by His Majesty the King of the Belgians. Its aim is that of bringing together a variety of objects in a special department of human activity, as did the Maritime Exhibition in Paris, and as the British Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus has this year accomplished with signal success at South Kensington. The exhibition is set out in a series of galleries, which have been erected in a plain and simple style, suitable to the utilitarian purposes of their contents, among the trees and grass-banks of the park of the city of Brussels. The details of this exhibition were described in an editorial in this journal two weeks ago.

A Trial of Sheep Dogs.

On June 30th an exhibition of Sheep Dogs was given at the Alexandra Park, near London. The mode of trial was this. At a given signal three sheep were set off from a pen on the brow of the hill under the southwest tower of the Palace, and at the same time a dog was sent after them from the cricket-ground southeast of the Palace, in the midst of which was a small pen formed of six hurdles, with a two-foot wide entrance into which the dog had, within fifteen minutes, to drive them. It was amusing to see the bearing of the different dogs during the day. There they came, of all sorts, sizes, and colors, yet with a certain class expression of countenance pervading them all. Some of the dogs missed their sheep altogether, but others did their work admirably.

Taking Soundings in the English Channel.

Preparatory to making the excavations for the Channel Tunnel, the bed of the channel is being carefully sounded by Messrs. Larousse and Laparent, who start from Dover daily on the steam-tug *Ajax*, returning at night. The soundings are conducted by means of an instrument invented by Sir John Hawkshaw, who was the first to succeed in bringing up specimens cut from the real bottom of the straits, which is usually covered with gravel, sand, mud and stones. This instrument is a steel tube, the lower end having a sharp edge, and the upper portion being perforated in order to permit the water and ooze to escape. This is fitted into the collar of the heavy sounding lead. The sounding-lead is made of the best hemp cable, and is divided into metres, and wetted and stretched at the commencement and end of each day's work. The soundings are mainly for the purpose of ascertaining that no break occurs in the chalk throughout the proposed line of route.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

ALONG the St. John's River, in Florida, the estimates of the orange crop have been reduced one-half, and the young trees are said to be dying by scores on account of the dry season.

DURING the French races at Amiens, lately, a horse which ran for the principal prize and started favorite at 6 to 4, at the critical point of the race suddenly stopped and dropped down dead.

IN the medical department of the University of Maryland there is a recess of some five minutes, and a change of room for the students, at the end of each lecture, and the room vacated is then properly aired.

A MANIAC got possession of a locomotive at Saratoga, and with a knife threatened to kill anybody who interfered with him. A messenger was sent for help, and in the meantime blocks of wood were fastened on the rails, so that, should the maniac persist in his intention to "ride to the moon," the locomotive would be thrown off the track. He was finally captured after a hard struggle.

OATMEAL in water, in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of oatmeal to three quarts of water, is recommended as a refreshing drink. The meal should be well boiled, the mixture cooled, and water added to keep up the proportion. With a bit of ice, this is said not only to quench the thirst, but to keep up strength. Without ice, when ice cannot be had, it is still palatable, if entirely cool. It is said that it is used in many iron foundries and manufacturing in England. The meal should be well shaken through the water before drinking.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—COPIES of all the leading German newspapers and periodicals are obtainable in the German pavilion.

—A NUMBER of the employees of the New York Board of Public Charities visited the Exhibition last week.

—THE vase presented to William Cullen Bryant is exhibited on the music stand in the centre of the Main Building.

—At the Vienna Bakery one can enjoy a plate of ice-cream for thirty cents, or a cup of coffee for twenty-five cents.

—A TRIAL of all the steam fire-engines and fire apparatus at the Exhibition will be held on the Centennial grounds on the 20th of September.

—THE American Bible Society has a pavilion just south of Horticultural Hall, in which Bibles and Testaments in one hundred different languages are sold at cost.

—In the Peruvian section of the Main Building are mummies of the ancient tribes of Inca, said by Dr. Jaffray to have become extinct over three thousand years ago.

—By joint action of the Commission and the Board of Finance, it has been resolved that organized schools, when visiting the Exhibition, shall be admitted for 25 cents for each person.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad ticket-building has been opened. Tickets may be obtained there for all stations on that road and its branches. The Adams Express Company has an office in the building.

—THE delegation of thirty-three artisans from Lyons, France, are intensely engaged in the study of the Exhibition. Another delegation of French artisans, which will be the third, is expected to arrive soon.

—MR. ARTHUR VON STUPNITZ has received a commission from the Prussian Minister of Commerce to study the condition of the working-classes in this country, and report upon the subject to the Prussian Government.

—In the Kansas and Colorado building there is a clock which indicates the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour and the minute. The inventor claims that one winding will cause it to run for a hundred years.

—WHILE the total number of visitors from the 10th of May up to the night of July 22d was 2,393,743, the whole number of patients cared for by the medical department during that time was about 1,800, or only one in 1,329 persons.

—AN Ethiopian who has climbed into the complete outfit of a true Mussulman, is the newest institution on the grounds, and ranks as first lieutenant in the corps of walking-advertisements for the jim-crack mills of ostensible sons of the Prophet of Mecca.

—NEARLY 10,000 persons—the families of miners employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company—participated in the free excursions to the Centennial, recently tendered them by that corporation. About 3,000 of these were Mollie Maguires.

—THE Cincinnati Light Guards, thirty in number, arrived at Philadelphia on July 24th, and went into encampment just outside the Centennial grounds. They marched all the way from Cincinnati, a distance of 800 miles, their journey occupying two months.

—GENERAL HAWLEY, Mr. Cochran, and other of the Centennial authorities, are confident that the attendance at the Exhibition will average nearly, if not over, 100,000 a day during September, October, and the ten days of November, during which the show is to continue.

—ALL the Centennial buildings are to be torn down and removed when the Exhibition is over, except Memorial, Horticultural and Machinery Halls, and probably the Ohio building and two of the British Government structures. The first three exceptions are to remain until they fall into ruin. It is believed that the Park Commission will purchase the other three.

—A NUMBER of the Board of Finance believe that, in the event of the Board having no dividend after the close of the Exhibition, or even becoming bankrupt, that whatever effects it may have will be applied to the benefit of stockholders rather than to the payment of the Congressional loan of \$1,500,000. There are, however, no indications that the Exhibition will not prove a financial success, though not a great one.

—In the Chinese Department the most curious and puzzling carvings are the ornamental ivory balls. One of these is five inches in diameter, and has fourteen circular perforations, each three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Within a hollow sphere are twenty-three other similar ones, each moving free of all the others. Superstitious people ask how the latter got in there, and look around them in a frightened manner, as though on the watch for witches.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-fourth Congress—First Session.

MONDAY, July 24th.—SENATE.—Mr. Manager Jenks and Judge Black delivered arguments in the impeachment trial. HOUSE.—A motion to suspend the rules and pass Mr. Kelly's Silver Bill was defeated. Bill concerning compulsory pilotage laid aside until December.

TUESDAY, July 25th.—SENATE.—Mr. Gordon presented a Bill to establish a competent and non-partisan revenue corps. Mr. Carpenter, of counsel for defense, made an argument in the impeachment trial. HOUSE.—Consideration of naval reports, majority and minority, made special order for the 28th. Resolutions of Chicago Board of Trade asking for continuance of fast mail trains presented.

WEDNESDAY, July 26th.—SENATE.—Mr. Carpenter concluded his argument, and Mr. Manager Lord opened for the prosecution. HOUSE.—Senate Bill authorizing Secretary of the Interior to deposit certain Indian trust funds in the United States Treasury in lieu of investment, was passed. House proceeded to consideration of the Virginia contested election case of Platt vs. Goode.

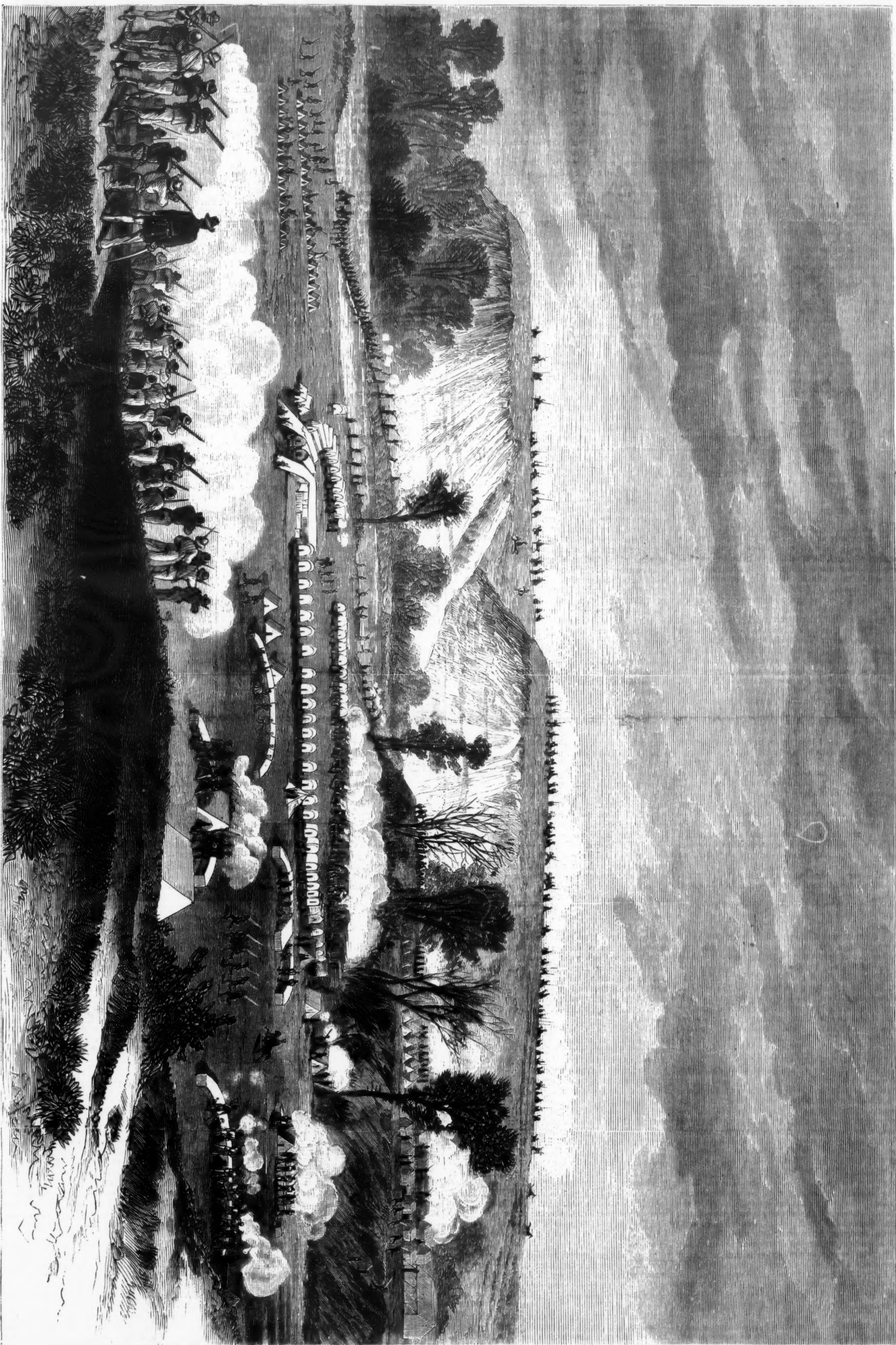
THURSDAY, July 27th.—SENATE.—No business transacted on account of the death of Mr. Caperton. HOUSE.—The appropriation for completion of the Washington Monument was increased from \$100,000 to \$200,000. On announcement of death of Senator Caperton, a committee was appointed to attend funeral, and House adjourned.

FRIDAY, July 28th.—SENATE.—Impeachment trial postponed until 31st. A lengthy debate occurred on the Consular and Diplomatic Bill. Bill providing pensions for General Custer's family, reducing amount, and striking out name of father, placed on calendar. River and Harbor Bill amended and re-committed to Committee on Appropriation. HOUSE.—In the Virginia contested election case, Mr. Goode, the present occupant, was declared entitled to the seat. Report of the Committee of Conference on the Military Academy Bill was adopted.

SATURDAY, July 29th.—SENATE.—No session. HOUSE.—Mr. Morrison announced that the Tariff Bill would not be pressed this session. Report of Naval Committee on administration of Secretary Robeson discussed, and vote ordered for the 31st.



MONTANA.—THE SIOUX WAR—GENERAL CROOK'S BATTLE ON THE ROSEBUD RIVER.—THE SIOUX CHARGING COLONEL ROYALL'S DETACHMENT OF CAVALRY, JUNE 17TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES ST. G. STANLEY.—SEE PAGE 373.



WYOMING TERRITORY.—THE SIOUX WAR.—THE INDIANS ATTEMPTING TO SURPRISE GENERAL CROOK'S CAMP AT TONGUE RIVER, JUNE 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES ST. G. SPANGLER.—SEE PAGE 373.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

"WHAT is my thought like?"—Pay me the penny
Thoughts are worth for the thinker's fee.
Like—But what if I haven't any?
Thoughts worth buying are not so many!
"Bargains are bargains?"—I'll think and see.

Some one—I think—through my brain is stealing—
Calm blue eyes, there, are drooping down—
Languid lashes the light concealing
Unrevealed there, and unrevealing—
(Your heart's in yours—but your eyes are brown).

Some one—I think—with cheeks all sunny—
Garden roses that never fail,
Where bees in snow-time might look for honey—
Are you content that I've earned my money?
(Your's—I think—are a little pale).

Some one—I think—who is tall and stately—
(You are quick and your stature small)—
Laughs not often and weeps not greatly,
Smiles serenely and moves sedately—
(You have laughter and tears for all).

"What is her name?"—Nay, you never heard it:
What is her name, forsooth, to you?
"Is it the truth?"—have my lips averred it?
Even had they thought that your ears preferred it
How could they tell you a word untrue?

She never frowned like you, nor near it:
She never pouted as you now pout:
Is it my fault you are vexed to hear it?
'Twas you that pressed me, nor seemed to fear it—
I kept my secret—you bought it out.

What is my thought like?—A blonde the lightest,
Golden locks and an eye of blue,
Lilies fairest and roses brightest,
All that is coldest, calmest, whitest,
All that I hate—for it is not like you!

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD
OF BENEVOLENCE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—DOLLY MAKES A CALL.

THE following morning was wild and wet, and everybody at the old manor was confined indoors. Johnson went up to London in an early train, and, by special permission of her mistress, did not return for twenty-four hours after—at which time she brought the new seamstress, Sarah Johnson, to Hazel Hall.

On the day of her arrival there were two guests at lunch—the rector of Hazelcroft and Sir Philip Bellamy, a dark, dry-looking little man, with a long pedigree, and an income of twenty thousand pounds per year. The table was laid in a handsome room, and choicely furnished with old plate and china. The menu was excellent—cold salmon, garnished with parsley and lemon, served with ravigote sauce; boned chicken pie; gooseberry-fool, ornamented with *brioche* cakes; apricot tart with whipped cream; cheese and salad—and for wines unimpeachable sherry, champagne and Moselle.

Dolly was all in vapory gray, with nothing but a spray of ivy-leaves in her fluffy red hair. Sir Philip screwed his eyeglass into his eye, and looked at her with open admiration.

"Pon my soul!" he muttered to Guy, "the handsomest woman that ever bore your name! You did well to go to America to hunt her up. I have a great partiality for American women; they are bright—wonderfully bright!—quite excel our English belles in vivacity, you know."

During lunch Dolly did her utmost to sustain this impression of Sir Philip's. She sparkled with ready *repartee*, and delicious little dashes of satire. Guy looked grave—almost angry, as he watched her.

"So far as the baronet is concerned, my mother's plan will meet with no opposition," he said to himself.

Sir Philip sipped his champagne and stared at the girl's perfect profile, as she sat at his right hand.

"I knew your father once, Miss Hazelwood," he said, in a very tender voice. "Was quartered once with his regiment in Dublin. You are very like him. I was an ensign then—a younger son. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, the favorite of a jolly racketing mess. There! I dare say that I seem like a Methuselah now in your sight."

"Not at all," answered Dolly, with a dazzling smile; "I do not like very young men—they are apt to be painfully fresh. Some time, perhaps, you will tell me more about my father, Sir Philip."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure!" said the baronet, warmly, and soon after the party arose from table.

Guy carried Sir Philip and the rector away to view a model cottage in process of erection on the estate. Mrs. Hazelwood had a headache, and retreated to her dressing-room for a nap. The coast was clear for Dolly. She put on her hat and jacket, and such stout boots as she might have worn for a tramp on Sea View beach. Then she looked at her watch—a charming toy, set with brilliants, which Mrs. Hazelwood had given her that very morning. She had time to do the thing she meditated, and return in season for dinner. Silently, and altogether unobserved, Dolly left the house, descended the stone steps of the terrace, and through an oak postern, studded thick with brass-headed nails, entered Hazelwood Park.

A glorious wilderness it was that Summer day. The vast wooded stretches on either side were carpeted with vivid emerald, and all aflame with wild flowers. Overhead, through the interlacing branches, fugitive fragments of blue glimmered. Dappled deer browsed amid the fern. Now and then a sleek hare scampered across Dolly's way, and rooks called to her from the windy tree-tops. She turned into a narrow foot-path which wound like a ribbon through the bracken, and walked resolutely away in the direction of Dane Priory.

Long tramps of old on Sea View Beach had inured her to fatigue—she could walk with any

Englishwoman in the land—and her ride with Guy Hazelwood had given her a pretty clear idea of her route to the Priory. She was going alone to face her dead mother's foe—to have speech with the woman to whom she owed her orphanage; and nothing less than an earthquake could have turned Dolly from her purpose.

Deeper and deeper she plunged into the splendid wilderness. Presently her path dropped down into a dell, dark with braided branches. She heard a sudden rustle in the fern, such as some startled doe might make, then she went on a few paces—heard it yet again, and the figure of a man startled up from the low undergrowth, and stood before her in the path.

He was an undersized fellow, rough in dress and in look, and dark of face, with a Jewish cast of feature, and an ugly scar covering his left cheek. He carried a stout oak stick in his hand, and looked not unlike some poacher in wait for prey. Dolly recoiled involuntarily.

"Give a poor fellow a shilling, miss," whined this apparition, holding out a grimy hand. Dolly eyed him suspiciously, but drew forth her purse, and dropped a half-crown on his greasy palm.

"Who are you?" she demanded, with spirit; "and what are you doing here? The place to ask for alms is up yonder at the Hall."

"Do you come from the Hall, miss?" cried the fellow, with a sudden fierce eagerness breaking into his voice.

"Yes," answered Dolly; "and I passed Mr. Hazelwood's gamekeeper not a dozen rods back—it will fare ill with you if he finds you here. Move, fellow, and let me go on."

A wild beast glare lit his eyes for a moment, but he slunk aside into the fern, and with quickened breath Dolly went on and left him there. In a turn of the park she paused to look back, but the little dell was empty and silent. The man, whoever he was, had disappeared.

Dolly crossed a bridge which spanned a narrow stream, and came, at last, to a tall hedge. After patient and persistent search she found an opening in it, and worming her fine shape through, stood unbidden in the grounds of Dane Priory.

Around her stretched clipped beechen alleys, wild lawns edged with belts of trees, and glinting green-house roofs under high *espalières* walls. With a determined step Dolly crossed a wooden drawbridge over a fish-pond, turned into a broad walk, and between oak trees, saw the old red house with its ancient Elizabethan pleasure blooming down to the square gate-house, and all its towers and buttresses, and square-sashed windows surmounted by armorial shields, shining in the hot afternoon sun.

The fortune which favors the brave smiled now upon Dolly. Not a soul was visible about the place. It was like another Castle Silence. Noiseless as a spirit she climbed the terrace. Close before her was a room, with long windows and a glass door standing wide open to the day. Without a moment's hesitation Dolly glided towards it, stepped through the door, and stood, unbidden and unannounced, in the library of Dane Priory.

One glance only she cast around the room, but she knew that it was large and imposing—that it had an odd medieval look. Pictures by Lely and Vandyke, and massive carved book-shelves covered the walls. The superb chimney-piece was supported by full length figures of Crusaders armed *cap-à-pie*. Cromwellian chairs, with stuffed backs, were placed here and there; a retriever dog lay sleeping on the floor, and on a sofa near one of the windows the indolent figure of a man—the sole occupant of the apartment—reclined, with a book in his hand.

As Dolly's shadow darkened the glass door, dog and master started up together—the first barked loudly; the latter seemed petrified with astonishment. He looked at her as she stood outlined against the vivid light of the terrace—that queenly young figure, with its rich colorless face, lighted by the darkly dangerous eyes and the waving splendor of ruddy hair—looked at her like one who could not believe his own senses. He dropped his book with a crash, and advanced slowly towards her. It was that Raphael-face young lord, Basil Dane.

For one breathless instant the two gazed at each other. He saw a dazzling apparition, bursting upon him without warning, and with something almost tragic in her grand young beauty. She saw a youth one year her junior, rather slight and boyish in form, and with a dark melancholy student face, as regular as a cameo, and dreamy black eyes that flamed up in sudden surprise and admiration.

"Where is Lady Dane? I wish to speak with her," said Dolly, without a shadow of embarrassment. She was in a white heat of excitement, and altogether unconscious that she was doing an extraordinary—an unheard-of thing.

"My mother is out riding with Miss Dawlish," answered Lord Basil, in a slow astonished voice. Her face fell.

"Not here!" she murmured. "How unfortunate! Will her ladyship return soon?"

He picked up his scattered wits. "In an hour or two at the farthest. Be seated, I beg you. It is Miss Hazelwood, is it not? I saw you at the play in London with our neighbors of the Hall. In my mother's absence can I be of any service to you?"

His mother! Yes, this dark handsome youth was Ruth Carew's son. Dolly realized the fact with something like a shock. A moment before she had regarded him as if he were one of the Cromwellian chairs or some other natural feature of the room.

"No," she answered, recoiling tall and white from the seat which he hastened to place for her, "my business is strictly with Lady Dane. I am sorry she is not here—very, very sorry!—I had not counted on her absence. Thanks—it is impossible for me to wait."

She made no apologies for her strange intrusion—no explanations. He colored to his temples as he took an eager step towards her.

"Don't go!"—that is, stay one moment till I can tell you how surprised and delighted I am at this unexpected visit. So far as I know, you are the first of your name, Miss Hazelwood, who ever

entered this roof. Pray allow me to ring for refreshments—pray consent to remain here till my mother returns."

She shook her head. Accept the hospitality of that house? The very thought choked Dolly.

"It is not fair, Lord Dane," she answered, coldly, "to tell you that I do not come here to cultivate amicable relations betwixt the two families—quite the contrary. Neither do I come with the knowledge of Mrs. Hazelwood or her son. I must decline your courtesy, my lord—farewell! I am sorry to have disturbed you."

She bowed like a peeress with twenty quarters.

"And will you leave no message for my mother?" said Lord Basil.

She hesitated a moment—her great eyes flashed.

"None! That which I have to say to her must be said with my own lips."

The next moment the doorway was empty—the dazzling vision had vanished. Along the path by which she had come, Dolly was already flying away from the Priory—from the grand, stately home of her bitter foe.

It was not till she was deep in the wilderness of the park again that she stopped to take breath, and think of the thing which she had done.

"What a face that boy has!" she said to herself, scornfully, "dark as a spaniard, and melancholy as a *colporteur* with tracts. The absurd young fledgeling! How strangely he looked at me! Well, small wonder! It was as dramatic as a stage-scene!" And she laughed bitterly.

Perhaps she had never in her life met with a keener disappointment. She looked at her watch again and hastened her steps. She did not wish to be missed from Hazel Hall. The dell in the park where she had met the tramp was lonely and silent as she hurried through it. She peered into the fern, but saw nothing. Absorbed in her own thoughts, Dolly walked briskly on through the leafy shadows to the postern in the wall, passed through, and gained her chamber unobserved before the dressing-bell rung.

In the corridor, outside her door, she encountered a person just coming out of Mrs. Hazelwood's dressing-room—a slight woman in a brown holland dress, sallow, and rather sickly to look at, with a good deal of dead-yellow hair braided about her head, and combed smoothly down on either side of her forehead—a servant of the house, evidently; but one whom Dolly had never seen before. As she drew drew near to her heroine she lighted her eyes—great black, sombre eyes which made Dolly start back astonished—she knew not why. The woman dropped a deep courtesy and hurried on, and disappeared at the other end of the corridor.

"She has gone into the sewing-room," thought Dolly; "it must be the new seamstress that Johnson was to bring up from London;" and then she entered Mrs. Hazelwood's room to find that lady still stretched upon the sofa, sniffing *sal volatile*.

"You have been to walk?" she said, smiling at Dolly in a languid, indulgent fashion.

"Yes," answered her handsome hypocrite, "in the park."

"Draw a stool close to my sofa, dear. What did you think of the Sir Philip Bellamy that you met at lunch?"

"A very agreeable old gentleman," answered Dolly, cheerfully.

"Old! my dear child; he cannot be a day over forty-five, and he has a big manor in Essex, and another in Devon, besides a cottage in the Isle of Wight and two town houses in London. He is a very dear friend of ours, Dolly, and a *prise-parti* over whose welfare many a managing mamma with marriageable daughters has been vainly yearning for years."

"What, is he not married?" queried Dolly, with provoking listlessness.

"I should hope not, for his own credit's sake," smiled Mrs. Hazelwood, "for he took no pains to conceal his profound admiration for you at luncheon. His wife will be 'my lady,' and a person to be courted and envied in the best society."

"No doubt," said Dolly, absently; "can I do anything for your head, Mrs. Hazelwood? Shall I sit with you here till dinner?"

"No, my dear; Johnson will return in a moment. She has gone to show the sewing-room to the new seamstress. There are guests expected at dinner—some of our country neighbors, you know; also Lady Radstock from London. Make yourself lovely; but I need not tell you that—you are always lovely! I greatly enjoy the sensation which your appearance creates among our English friends."

Dolly enjoyed it, too—for the girl had a fair share of vanity, like all the rest of her sex. She went into table that day on the arm of a delighted ponderous squire, and Guy escorted Lady Evelyn Radstock—a widow, fat, and thirty, with a great deal of fair frizzled hair, and a red face bleached out with *blanc de perle*. Dolly absorbed the attention of every man at the board, excepting Guy's, perhaps—Guy, who devoted himself persistently to Lady Evelyn, and looked at his American cousin only in grave disapproval. Presently it was over. Night fell. "Low on the sand and loud on the stone the last wheel echoed away," taking the guests with it—all but Lady Evelyn, who was to remain indefinitely.

Dolly left her ladyship with Mrs. Hazelwood in the long drawing-room, and stepped out upon the terrace. At its far shadowy end she found a garden-chair, and sat down there alone in the starlight.

The night was perfect. Leaning one arm on the stone balustrade, Dolly gazed off towards the silent, windless park and the purple sky which hung over it. A few moments of silence, then she heard a footstep, and the odor of a cigar was wafted to her nostrils. She turned and saw Guy Hazelwood standing by her side.

"Is it not lovely?" murmured Dolly, as she nodded comprehensively towards the green walks below.

"Maddening!" he answered; but whether he alluded to the scene, or to her uplifted face, who could tell?

"Did I do well?" said Dolly, in a coaxing little voice—"at dinner, I mean? Were you ashamed of your American cousin? Was I guilty of any

gaucherie, any solecism? Did the plebeian Yankee blood show in me, cousin Guy?"

"I did not see it," he answered, dryly. "Ashamed of you? That question deserves no answer, nor will it get one. Yes, you did well, exceedingly well—if turning the heads of my male guests can be comprehended in that term, Dolly."

Dolly shrugged her shoulders.

"How grim you are! You are suffering from an overdose of Lady Evelyn, I fear."

"Don't be sarcastic."

"I will not. Her ladyship is a fine specimen of British womanhood, and my cousin Guy pays court to her in a way that does credit to his courage and fortitude, and greatly delights his observant and adoring mother."

Guy gave a little cynical laugh.

"My mother is a poor schemer. Anybody with eyes can see through her designs at once. How does her little plot against our peace strike you? You are to be consigned to Sir Philip, I to Lady Evelyn. One would think my mother had gone mad on titles, eh?"

Dolly's flawless profile, and the jeweled locket at her throat, glimmered together as she turned towards him.

"So far as I can judge," she answered, with a provoking smile, "Lady Evelyn suits you admirably. Not too young or too flighty, as poor Aunt Prue would say."

"Thank you. And Sir Philip—what of him?"

"My acquaintance with Sir Philip is as yet limited; but your mother calls him a *prise-parti*, and that term comprehends everything desirable, does it not?"

"Faith? you amaze me, Dolly. It will not take a month of dinner-parties to develop you into a woman of the world—one who will not need to be warned of secret designs against her peace. Halloo! who comes here?"

Dolly looked, and saw the brown-holland gown, and small, not ungraceful, figure of Sarah Johnson, the new seamstress, moving towards them across the terrace. She held in her hand a striped black and violet maul. With not so much as a glance at Guy Hazelwood she glided up to Dolly, and extended the garment.

"Mrs. Hazelwood wishes you to wear this, miss," she murmured, in a low voice; "the night is too cool for you, she says."

"I am not in the least chilly," protested Dolly.

Guy started up from the balustrade.

"It behooves us to be distrustful of the vagaries of this English climate," he said, and took the maul from Sarah Johnson. Somehow, in the act, his hand touched that of the London seamstress—she started back violently. Dolly stared—so did Guy Hazelwood.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," faltered Sarah Johnson, casting down her stormy black eyes, "it was a pin, miss, somewhere in the wrap—be careful that it don't prick you."

The next moment she vanished across the terrace.

"Who, in heaven's name, is that woman?" cried Guy, gazing blankly after her.

"A new servant in the house," answered Dolly, laughing at his odd look; "your mother's seamstress—Sarah Johnson by name."

"What a disagreeable face!" he muttered, and then bent and wrapped the violet and black maul carefully about Dolly's shoulders.

Neither of the twain could know that half-way down a distant passage leading to the servants' quarters, Sarah Johnson, the new seamstress, had paused, gasping for breath, her black eyes like a hunted wild creature's, her hand pressed fiercely to her heart.

"Have I overrated my own strength?" she murmured, with white lips; "after all, can I meet him day by day—can I see him with that girl, happy and forgetful? God help me! I must—I must!—it is a part of my punishment."

A neighboring door opened suddenly, and a flood of cheerful light streamed out upon her as she stood.

"Come, Miss Johnson," called the voice of the housekeeper; "come and take your tea, my dear."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Sarah Johnson, briskly, and, smiling and serene—a changed creature, in fact—she stepped into the room from which the light streamed, and casting one comprehensive glance upon her fellow-servants, seated herself straightway beside that stiff-necked, ginger-haired man, Mr. Haddon. Her black eyes went over him like lightning—"floored" him, as he himself expressed it, at one glance.

"I must know you, Mr. Haddon," said Sarah Johnson, in a low, sweet voice, that seemed to go to the very marrow in his bones; "I am sure, by your face, that I shall like you—you and I must be friends!"

CHAPTER XX.—A LEAF FROM DOLLY'S DIARY.

Saturday.

I HAVE been at Hazel Hall for nearly two weeks—such glad, gay, merry weeks!—and during this time have sought again and again for an opportunity to repeat my visit to Dane Priory, but have not yet found it.

The house is full of guests—old friends of the family fine people from London—country neighbors. Sir Philip Bellamy is here—dry, funny, little man, he gives me no end of torment—and Lady Evelyn Radstock is busy laying siege to Guy's heart. The fat blonde widow makes no secret of her designs against the master of Hazel Hall.

As for myself, I am a great success, Mrs. Hazelwood says. A few nights ago, after my first ball, she came to me with tears in her dear eyes, and kissed me tenderly. "I am proud of you, Dolly," she said; "you do credit to Guy and to me. You quite surpass all the expectations which we had of you."

It was very sweet to my woman's vanity to hear this, of course. Our days are full of pleasant things. We drive, we dress, we dine—we rush from croquet and garden-parties to charades, tableau and dancing. If one gets to bed by two or three o'clock, A. M., one is lucky. I sometimes wonder if the noise of so much merriment ever

reaches that luxurious chamber in the southern wing where Mrs. Hazelwood's sick friend—sex unknown—is kept, and if it is not a somewhat disturbing element to enter there.

Guy Hazelwood's birthday occurred yesterday. There was a fête in the grounds and a grand dinner, at which the gentry for miles around appeared—excepting, of course, the people at Dane Priory—followed by tableau and a ball.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hazelwood to me at breakfast, "I appoint Sarah Johnson as your own special maid for this day. You will find her a treasure—she knows everything that a servant ought to know, and her taste is exquisite."

I confess that I have no particular liking for Sarah Johnson; but Mrs. Hazelwood spoke truly when she called her a valuable maid. She moves about like a spirit, says next to nothing, and is a marvel of speed and skill. I hardly know what to make of her. Her eyes are wonderful—they transfigure her whole sickly, fallow face whenever she lifts them, which she is careful to do as seldom as possible. There is something strangely familiar to me about those same eyes. Where have I seen them before? Of whom does she remind me? Nobody that I ever met at Sea View, certainly. I think we shall yet find that Sarah Johnson has a history.

The Hazelwood tenantry were bountifully regaled at tables spread in the grounds, and Guy's health was drunk with great enthusiasm. His people seemed very glad to have him back with them again. When darkness gathered, all the trees in the gardens were hung with colored lamps, the fountains babbled merrily, and the breath of flowers perfumed the night. The tenants departed, filled and satisfied, and left the gentry masters of the field.

Dinner was succeeded by preparations for tableaux. In these I was to appear as Mary Queen of Scots at her execution. My tire-woman, Sarah Johnson, robed me in a black velvet dress slashed with grey satin, with ruff, rosary and elaborate coiffure. As she was putting the finishing touches to my royal person Mrs. Hazelwood entered.

"At the risk of turning your head, Dolly," said my kind, good friend, "I must say it again—you are lovely—lovely! Guy certainly owes you a vote of thanks, for you have all day been the bright particular star of his fête."

Sarah Johnson was just in the act of thrusting the last pin into my piled-up mass of hair. Her hand slipped suddenly, and the sharp points pierced my scalp in a very unpleasant fashion. I cried out involuntarily.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure," she muttered, and I thought I saw a wicked gleam in the corners of her downcast eyes, "you are beautiful, miss—no one can deny that. Shall I do anything more for you?"

"No," I answered, swelling, like the frog in the fable, with gratified vanity, "you make an excellent lady's-maid, Sarah," and away I rushed to my execution, the happiest girl in the United Kingdom.

The tableaux of Queen Mary passed off very well. I appeared in the first scene absorbed in devotion, with my first three maids of honor—Miss Bellamy, a niece of Sir Phillip's, and the two pretty daughters of the rector—weeping around me. The rising of the curtain the second time disclosed me in the act of giving my beads to my ladies. Guy Hazelwood was the executioner. I did my best to look the character—to throw into my face the proper expression of resignation for my own sad fate, and compassion for those whom I was about to leave. I think I succeeded, for the applause was overwhelming.

Other tableaux followed—one of the dead Elaine in her barge, one of the Lady of Shalott at her spinning, one from the "Rape of the Lock," and another of Queen Guinevere. There was a general rush for dressing-rooms—everybody fled away to prepare for the ball.

As I was crossing the hall in my black velvet dress, a man fell plump upon his knees beside me, and, seizing my fingers, carried them to his lips.

(To be continued.)

Rich Bachelors of New York.

A New York correspondent of the Buffalo Advertiser indulges in the following gossip concerning the marriageable young men of the metropolis:

"To begin with, there is James Gordon Bennett, who can boast of being known all over the world, at least by reputation. His first bid for notoriety was the voyage of the yacht *Henrietta* to Europe. From that time he has been very successful in making himself conspicuous, and to-day he enjoys being talked about from the *Herald* building to the interior of Africa, where his Bohemian Stanley is said to be 'exploring.' Bennett is probably the richest of the bachelor corps. His income from the *Herald* is nearly eight hundred thousand dollars alone, and he is in receipt of money from other sources—the rent of the old homestead at Fort Washington, for instance. Bennett's earthly possessions are numerous, and include the New York *Herald*, a house on Fifth Avenue valued at \$200,000, another at Fort Washington, a tract of land at Jerome Park, and likewise on Long Island and at Newport, a yacht, two English four-in-hand coaches, twenty horses, three packs of hounds, seven carriages, two dozen polo ponies, a steam launch, and an ownership of a hotel in Paris, patronized largely by Americans. He is a member of some of these organizations he holds office. He is liberal with his money where he takes a fancy, and will spend it lavishly. Bennett is now nearly forty years of age, and has grown quite gray the last two years. He could be called a handsome man were it not that he is tall, ungainly, awkward and thin. He seldom goes to the *Herald* office, except with parties of ladies and gentlemen; but when he does go down there alone every one in the establishment is made to know of his presence. He lives in Winter at his town-house, 425 Fifth Avenue, and in Summer at Newport, at the Cushing villa, which he rents every season. Occasionally he goes to Europe, and makes his presence felt there, too. He is said to be a Catholic.

"Next comes Mr. A. Wright Sandford, who is perhaps five-and-thirty years of age and is quite handsome. Some years ago an uncle of his, named Sandford, died and left him some \$300,000 upon condition that he would take the name of Sandford, his name then being Wright. This he

did, and now has the interest of the above-named sum. He is a member of the Jockey, Yacht, New York, and Racket Clubs; is very agreeable, very popular, and moves in excellent society. Third on the list is Mr. Arthur Leary, who has been prominent in New York society for thirty years, and there never was a charity ball without his name as at the head of the committee. Mr. Leary is either Scotch or Irish, I forget which, and has a large fortune, although as agent of the Lloyds here he attends to business as regularly as one of Stewart's clerks, who, during the reign of A. T., were fined if they were one minute late at their desks in the morning. He is a great 'society man,' and very popular among the ladies, to whom he is ever gallant and courtly. Mr. Leary is quiet and refined in his tastes and inclinations, and, although a 'club man,' is seldom at the clubhouse.

"Mr. Louis Messier we will put fourth on the list. He comes of excellent family, and as a boy lived many years with his widowed mother—who was a very elegant and fashionable woman—at the New York Hotel in the days of Cranston. Mr. Messier has been a shining light at the New York Club for many years, and is known as 'Violets,' because he has invariably a bunch of violets in his button-hole, Summer and Winter. He is about thirty years of age, fine-looking and popular.

"Mr. William P. Douglas is a Scotchman of large means, good pedigree, and great popularity. He belongs to a dozen clubs, and two seasons ago kept bachelor's hall with Mr. Wright Sanford on Fifth Avenue, opposite Belmont's, in elegant style. He was the owner of the American yacht *Sappho*, which was sold to an Italian prince, and has a penchant for yachting, coaching and horse-racing. A celebrated artist of this city has just completed a full-length portrait of Mr. Douglas in Highland costume, which is very life-like and effective.

"Mr. Perry Belmont is about five-and-twenty years of age, and is the son of August Belmont, the millionaire. Mr. Belmont has been prominent only about a half-dozen of years, but one of these days when he comes in possession of some of his father's millions he will be more so. At present he is content to own two or three horses, a yacht, and some fine dogs. He passes his time coaching, playing polo, and making himself agreeable to the ladies—not a very bad existence.

"Mr. William Moller, son of the sugar-refiner, is young, handsome, and rather consequential. Young Moller has probably \$25,000 a year, and some match-making mamma look upon him as a 'good catch,' although he does not go with the Bennett, Sandford and Messier set.

"Colonel Wagstaff is of a good family and very popular. He has been a member of the Legislature, and did good work. He is not pronounced in his tastes, and lives a quiet and highly respectable life, respected and esteemed by all who know him.

"Other bachelors of wealth and prominence are—Howland Robbins, Pierre Marié, Townsont Harris, Mr. Jay, son of the ex-Minister to Austria, Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Sherman.

"The combined wealth of these gentlemen may be safely set down at six or seven millions."

Lawyers' Fees in England.

EVEN the greatest lawyers do not receive such fees as are frequent in America. The English litigant has to pay two firms in each case—the solicitors who prepare and the barristers who conduct his case, and the payments are, therefore, divided. There is not a barrister in England who gets more than seventy-five thousand dollars a year—which is about Mr. Hawkins's income—and there are only two, or at most three, that make over fifty thousand dollars a year. A thousand dollars for one case is considered a fancy fee. Probably the low average of fees paid for everyday legal work is due in large part to the survival of the old theory that the lawyer is a learned friend of humanity in its difficulties whose advice is given solely for the reward of virtue. Theoretically they are supported by *honoraria* as the Pope receives Peter's Pence. They are not supposed to receive fees, that being too gross a form in which to reward learning and benevolence. The honorarium is really now a fee, but it cannot be sued for, and consequently it has to be paid in advance, if the retained counsel is expected to pay any attention to a case. In one or two things this old theory of the barrister is actually operative. If a poor criminal comes up for trial he or she may ask for any lawyer present in the court to defend them, and such lawyer must do his very best for the criminal. He must take his chances of payment, which, in such cases, is rarely received, except that the court gives each lawyer so called on to defend a criminal the sum of two pounds—a nominal sum that seems to be a kind of precaution against any barrister ever making capital by boasting of unrequited services to the poor and friendless. The court also wishes to preserve its attitude as the equal friend of all parties, and ready to assist the accused in their defense. The two pounds are never allowed to be declined.

Curious Natural Cisterns.

IN the rough granite country back from Mossamedes, on the West Coast of Africa, are some very remarkable natural cisterns. The country itself is peculiar, huge single rocks rising out of the nearly level plain in some places, and other hills of rocks, in several of which deposits of water are found at the very top. A recent traveler visited one of these, and describes it as a natural tank with narrow entrance, containing some three or four hundred gallons of exquisitely clear and cool water. It was covered by vast slabs of granite, from which the rain drained into it during the rainy season, shading the water so that it could not be seen without a torch, and so protecting it that the sun cannot evaporate it during the dry season. Thus a bountiful store of excellent water is preserved, while there is not a drop to be had elsewhere for miles. A still more remarkable cistern of this sort is that of the Pedra Grande, or Big Stone, some thirty miles from Mossamedes, a huge rounded mass of granite rising out of a sandy plain. On the smooth side of this rock, twenty or thirty feet above the plain, is a circular pit about ten feet deep, and six feet across. The rainfall on the rock above the pit drains into it, filling it completely every rainy season. The wells of the pit—which is shaped like a crucible, narrowing gently to the bottom—are perfectly smooth and regular, the enclosing granite being of the closest and hardest description. The cistern will hold several thousand gallons of water. Near by are smaller pits of similar character. Their formation is unexplained. The water of this strange well furnishes the natives and travelers with an abundant supply during the dry season, consequently it is a noted halting-place.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Torpedoes in Oil Wells.—Oil wells which have become exhausted, or are clogged by sand, paraffine, and other obstructions, are made to flow again by the explosion of torpedoes. This operation sometimes increases the yield from ten to three hundred barrels a day.

Silver Dust.—The ore from the Consolidated Virginia Mine is wet down as it is deposited in the ore-house, to save the dust, which is chiefly fine chloride of silver, and is very valuable. In other mines the ore is sprinkled in the breasts also, to prevent the blowing away of the dust.

Lakes made of Infusorial Silica.—When an alcoholic solution of any of the coal-tar colors is mixed with a sufficient quantity of infusorial earth, the color adheres to the porous material, giving rise to a pigment closely resembling the lakes made from alumina. This would appear to offer a new use for infusorial silica.

Roscoe-lite, so-called after Professor Roscoe, of Manchester, England, is the name of a new mineral recently discovered in California, and found by Dr. Genth, of Philadelphia, to contain twenty per cent. of vanadium. This is the first time that vanadium has been found in so large a quantity, and as the inks and colors made from this element are perfectly black and indelible, there is a great demand for an adequate supply of material. The California locality cannot be further worked until a tunnel is cut into the vein. It occurs associated with gold in the form of a mica.

The Industries of Central Africa.—Lieutenant Cameron gives an interesting account of the industries and manufactures of the great Continent of Africa. He finds that the natives in some places grind their corn with the trunks of trees, and the pottery made by them closely resembles the specimens dug up in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In his travels he came to a country where the iron trade was in a flourishing condition, there being many foundries about 50 feet long by 30 feet wide, where they frequently get 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. of metal at a single melting. He had seen pieces of iron worked simply by the hammer, and molded into various shapes, including statuary, as completely finished as if manipulated by the most skillful artisan.

Metallic Aluminium.—At present there are four aluminium works in existence, of which three are in France and one in England. Their total production amounts to about 3,500 pounds yearly, of which 2,000 pounds are made in France, and 1,500 in England. Its market value has averaged \$15 per pound, and has been for some years stationary at that price. The pure metal is now used in the manufacture of theodolites and other philosophical instruments, which it is important to have as light as possible. A bronze composed of 90 per cent. of copper and 10 per cent. aluminium possesses a fine yellow color, and is very hard. It is used for the bearings of machinery and for the protection of stairways in hotels. The coating of other metals with aluminium has not been successful. On the whole, aluminium has proved to be less valuable than was anticipated twenty years ago.

Oxygen for Depilation of Hides.—It has long been known that charcoal has the property of absorbing large quantities of oxygen gas, from which it can be expelled by plunging the coal in water. This method has been proposed for the economical preparation of oxygen. Instead of allowing all the oxygen to escape into the air, it is now turned to a practical account as a substitute for lime in removing hair from skins and hides. Finely powdered charcoal or animal black is mixed into a thin paste with water, and the hides are kept in the bath for four or five days. The oxygen taken up by the charcoal exerts a chemical action on the glands at the root of the hair in such a way that complete depilation can be accomplished without the necessity of any secondary cleansing, as is the case when lime is used. The hides, after rinsing and washing with water, are ready for tanning. The operation is rapid and cleanly. It is very probable that by blowing a rapid current of air through the charcoal-bath in which the skins are suspended a more rapid oxidation would take place, and the operation could be materially shortened.

While Astronomy reveals to us distances in comparison with which the sun might pass for a next-door neighbor, geology opens up tracts of time, as compared with which the whole historic period of the world has a claim to antiquity scarcely exceeding that of the day before yesterday. Who shall calculate the number of ages since the tropical trees we now burn as coal were waving in the sun, and casting a shadow over the landscape? Yet the coal measures are very far from being old, geologically speaking. According to the most recent lights, the most venerable formation in the world is the system of Laurentian rocks, in the neighborhood of the River St. Lawrence, in Canada. At one point, where the River Saguenay intersects the range, they attain an elevation of some 2,000 feet, including the depth of the river-bed, which amounts to 100 fathoms. Their antiquity reduces the age of the Alps and Andes to little more than that of last year's harvest. Fossil remains of animal life were first discovered in those rocks within these twenty years, of the little architects who reared the mountain-range from the sea-salts, as similar little builders are at this hour elevating the coral-reef in other seas.

Progress in Chemistry—Soda Industry.—In examining recent statistics of chemical acts, we find that great progress has been made in various directions. Even soda, the manufacture of which has been exclusively conducted according to Leblanc's process for many years, is now made by an improved method in which the waste ammonia of numerous industries plays an important part. The process is made continuous by reclaiming the ammonia, and causing it to pass through the furnace a great number of times. The article produced is 98 per cent. pure, and in cheapness also compares favorably with the Leblanc soda. Another great improvement in this branch of industry is the employment of revolving ovens, by which a more rapid and thorough admixture of the materials is attained. Another change in the soda production, which is not dependent on science, is the discovery and use of the deposits from the soda lakes of the West. The supply from this source is said to be practically inexhaustible, and as soon as the country is made accessible by the construction of railroads, this source of supply bids fair to compete with the manufacture from sea-salt by the old process.

An Electric Speaking-Trumpet.—A wonderful invention has been made founded on the most recent researches on sound, by means of which the tones of voice can be conveyed on wires to a great distance, and friends can converse with each other in perfect assurance of identity. At one end of the line is a trumpet-shaped instrument provided with a thin diaphragm of gold beaters' skin, close to the face of which revolves a small helix connected with an electric current and induction coil. The moment a sound is made the vibration occasioned in the instrument causes the helix to revolve, and this in turn repeats the notes to an absolute certainty—but the wonderful part of it is that by means of conducting wires, a similar instrument at a distance is made to repeat in precisely the same manner any note produced at the starting point. In other words, a person can hold a conversation with a friend in the natural tone of his voice, which will be at once recognized, by putting his mouth close to the trumpet-shaped instrument and speaking distinctly. The new invention was recently exhibited to the distinguished savants assembled in Philadelphia and excited the highest commendations. A report on it is to be prepared by Sir William Thomson.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The ex-Empress Eugénie and her son recently visited Queen Victoria and remained over night at Windsor Castle.

SEVERAL eminent German physicians have decided that the Empress of Brazil must go to Gastein for the benefit of the waters.

SWEDEN is preparing to receive right royally Mrs. Nilsson. Twelve concerts are announced from the 10th of August to the 10th of September.

A son of the Ameer of Bokhara is on his way to St. Petersburg, where he will be educated in the Corps des Pages, a cadet school of aristocratic pretensions.

THE Princess of Serbia, Natalie, has notified her guardians at Odessa that she is now seventeen years of age, and desires that her husband, Milan Obrenowitch, be appointed her curator.

A MONUMENT in memory of David Williams one of Major André's captors, will be dedicated at Schoharie in September. His remains were moved from Rensselaerville to Schoharie a few days ago.

MR. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, the new American Minister to England, was introduced into the Queen's presence by the Earl of Derby on July 11th, and presented his credentials to Her Majesty.

MR. JOSEPH G. MOORE, United States Consul at Trinidad, died on Tuesday, June 25th, of yellow fever. Mr. Moore succeeded Mr. H. Fox as United States Consul at Trinidad de Cuba last year.

WORKMEN are now placing in position on the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, on Castle Hill, Newport, a great steam organ, the music from which, it is said, will be heard for a distance of several miles.

MR. ALBERT REED, of Calais, N. B., has the scarf which was worn by General Wolfe at the Battle of Quebec, and in which the wounded officer was carried from the field. It is stained in several places with blood.

GENERAL CUSTER is claimed by the St. Louis Journal as a German, that paper stating that he "was born in Insprugen, near Florsheim, in Baden, and emigrated when a child with his parents to the State of Ohio."

WHILE Governor Tilden was riding on horseback a few miles from Albany last Friday evening, his horse ran into a buggy containing a man and a woman. Both the occupants were thrown from the buggy, and the man was badly injured.

HENRY MALDEN, fifty years ago Macaulay's partner in the publication of the Quarterly Magazine, afterwards one of the founders of the London University, and for the past forty-five years professor of the Greek language, died in London on the 4th of July, aged seventy-six years.

THE election of President Percy, of Hobart College, as Bishop of the diocese of Iowa, has been confirmed by a majority of the standing committees of the Protestant Episcopal dioceses. The new bishop will probably be ordained at the church in Geneva, N. Y., of which he is the pastor.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Thomas L. Connolly, Archbishop of Halifax, died, July 27th, at his archiepiscopal residence in that city; Dr. Connolly was the second Archbishop of the Catholic province of Halifax, to which he was translated in 1859 from the bishopric of St. John's, N.B., which he had held since 1852.

P. T. BARNUM, in a local improvement quarrel, closes a two-column letter in the Bridgeport Farmer in this fashion: "In closing, I suppose I must imitate this learned savage, who overwhelms me with his Latin quotations, so here it goes: 'Procul! Procul! E pluribus unum—mene telet!—sine qua non—little Indian. Ugh! lawyer—bah!'"

TRUCAMINI, also called Lalla Rookh, the widow of King Billy of Tasmania, died recently at the age of seventy-three years. During the last years of her life Lalla Rookh was cared for by an Englishwoman named Dandridge, who received for this service an annuity of fifty pounds sterling from the Home Government. The ex-Queen is said to have been the last survivor of the native Tasmanian race.

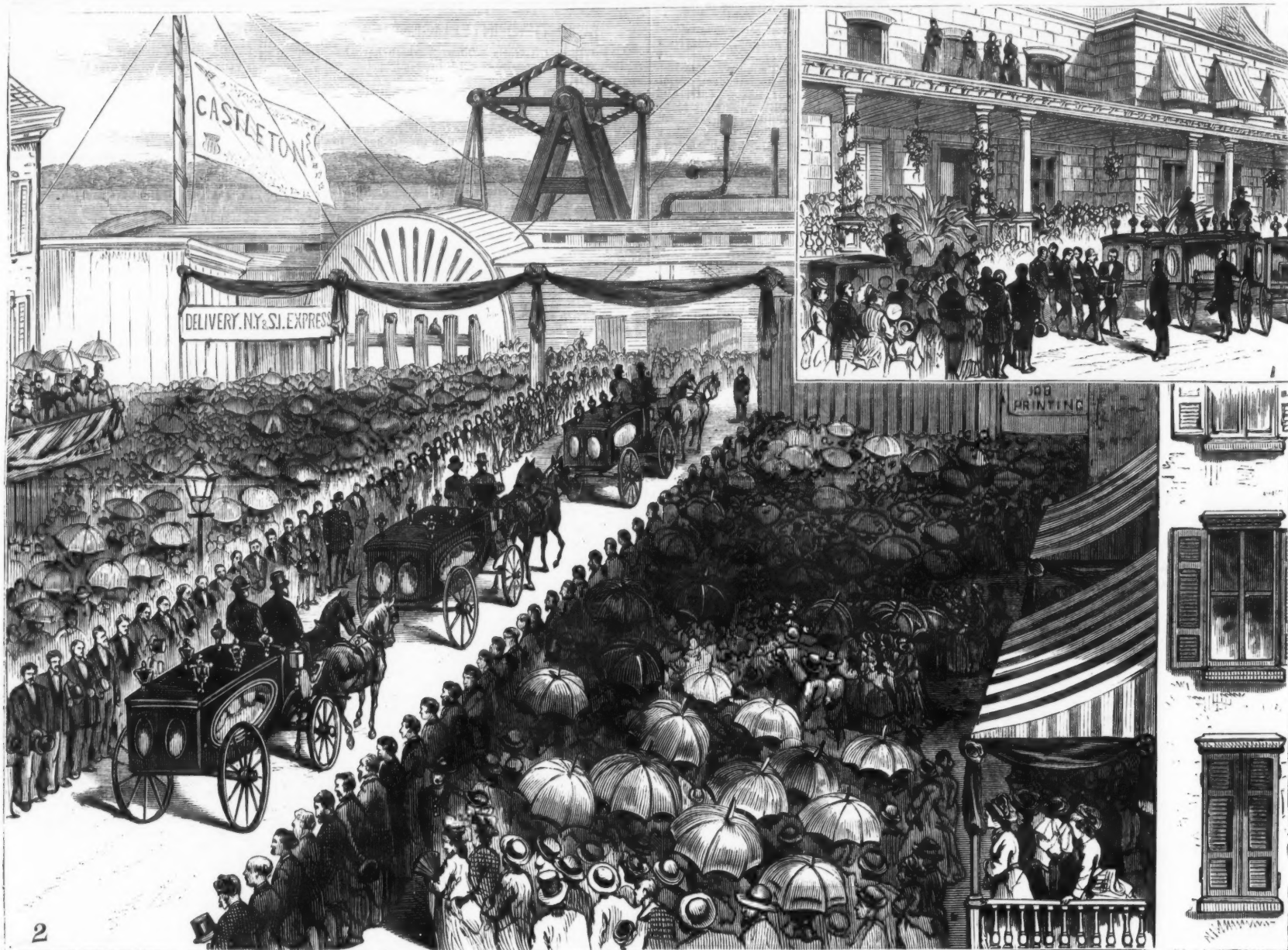
COLONEL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, United States Army, writes to the Indianapolis Journal in relation to General Custer, as follows: "I met him at the New York Historical Society rooms in January last, when he used this expression: 'It will take another Phil Kearney massacre to bring Congress up to a generous support of the army.' His disaster comes home to me with fearful force."

DONALD G. MITCHELL, best known as *Ik Marvel*, the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and other works of sentiment in graceful prose, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, book critic and foreign editor of Forney's (Philadelphia) Press, and E. V. Smalley, Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune, were the guests of "Our Correspondent" in Frank Leslie's Pavilion on Exhibition Lake last week. The supper was served by the *Trois Frères Provençaux*.

SULTAN MOURAD has been described as a sort of Christian husband, content with one wife, and not disposed to pay blindly even the bills of that solitary dame. He must have been calumniated; for Mr. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, states that as soon as success at Salschar was reported in Constantinople, orders were transmitted to Paris to furnish some millions of francs' worth of diamonds for the Sultan's harem, and, as Turkish funds were rising, the order was accepted.

PROFESSOR MCCHEENEY, of Missouri, who accompanied a geological party from Kentucky, which has been in camp at Camp Harvard, Cumberland Gap, insisted on making excavations in the Indian mounds, of which there are many in the neighborhood. He opened one on the 14th of July, about twenty miles from the camp, and made some rich discoveries. While in the excavation the people of the neighborhood crowded around the edges, which gave way, and a great number were precipitated into the opening. When the excavation was cleared out it was found that Professor McCheeny had been stooping when the accident occurred, and that his neck was broken. Professor Carr, of Harvard College, had an arm badly bruised.

THE four hundredth anniversary of the death of the astronomer Johannes Müller was celebrated in his native town of Königsberg, Germany, on the 6th of July. Müller, or Regiomontanus, as he was called after his birthplace, was born in 1436, and after studying in Leipsic went to Vienna, where he became a friend and colleague of the renowned astronomer Purcell. He died of the plague in Rome, whither he had been called to revise the calendar, and where he was appointed Bishop of Regensburg. Purcell and Müller introduced into Germany the use of the Arabic figures in place of the Roman numerals then exclusively in use, and caused arithmetic to be taught in German schools. Müller likewise prepared and issued the first German almanac.



1. Scene at the Garner Residence 2. The New Brighton Landing.

NEW YORK.—THE "MOHAWK" CATASTROPHE—FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF MR. AND MRS. GARNER AND MR. FROST THORNE, JULY 24TH.

THE OBSEQUIES OF VICE-COMMODORE GARNER, WIFE AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.

FUNERAL ceremonies were held over the remains of the late Vice-Commodore Garner, Mrs. Garner, and Mr. Frost Thorne, victims of the *Mohawk* disaster, at West Brighton, S. I., on Monday, July 24th. The entire village was in mourning, and large groups of people surrounded the Garner mansion. Three caskets were placed in the blue room, and floral devices were seen in profusion at every turn. After the ecclesiastical rites, which were those of the Episcopal Church, the caskets were placed in hearses, and a procession formed, in which were members of the New York and Neptune Yacht Clubs, employees of the deceased Commodore, local officials and acquaintances. The remains, with the mourners, were conveyed to the foot of Twenty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, on board the large ferryboat *Castleton*, and passed thence to Greenwood Cemetery, where services were held at the Garner vault before the remains were deposited therein. Over 4,000 people assembled at the West Brighton residence, and nearly 3,000 people were at the Brooklyn landing when the *Castleton* was made fast. Flags were at half-mast on the Yacht Club houses, on the hotels in the village, and on the yachts that came to anchor at the scene of the disaster during the obsequies. The regatta was postponed on account of the sad catastrophe.

CAPE MAY.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years ago the Dutch settlers in the south of New Jersey named its extreme Southern point Swansdale. The appellation was bestowed in 1630 by the original owner, Cornelius Jacobus May, and in later times his own name supplanted the one he had selected for the locality. It was even in those early Dutch days a favorite resort for seekers of health and pleasure, and the War of 1812 found a

considerable settlement where Cape May City now stands. But the active, bustling watering-place bears little resemblance to the retreat of a century ago. Grassy lawns have given way to pretentious streets, its scattered cottages have grown into a compact city, and its rural simplicity has developed into a metropolitan grandeur that was scarcely dreamed of by those who visited it and praised it before steam had annihilated distance. The great charm of the place, however, the grand old ocean, still rolls in measured melody on its smooth, shimmering beach, and the breezes, with healing on their wings, still come "like the soft south, stealing and bringing odor." At no other seaside resort is the bathing so excellent. The slope at the beach is so gentle and so perfectly regular to an indefinite distance out under water that it turns up the breakers in long, even curls, with the precision almost of machinery.

There are also unequalled facilities for shooting and fishing, besides admirable drives on the beach and on the turnpike roads.

Human energy has supplemented the bounties

and attractions of nature with no stinted hand, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a Summer resort more replete with comforts and enjoyments than Cape May now presents. The hotels are grand in their proportions and appointments; the private residences and cottages are neat and attractive; the water for domestic uses is excellent, and the markets are abundant; smooth, graveled streets afford delightful drives, and land-locked waters tempt to dreamy sails.

The West Jersey Railroad, which is now under the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was completed to Cape May in 1866, and since then each year has added to the excellence of the road itself, while the time consumed in the journey has been reduced to the minimum consistent with safety.

Cars of the most complete construction and luxurious finish are run, including Woodruff's Silver Palace Drawing-room Coaches, and a degree of care and courtesy is evinced by all engaged in train-service, which render the journey from Philadelphia to the "City by the Sea" as pleasant

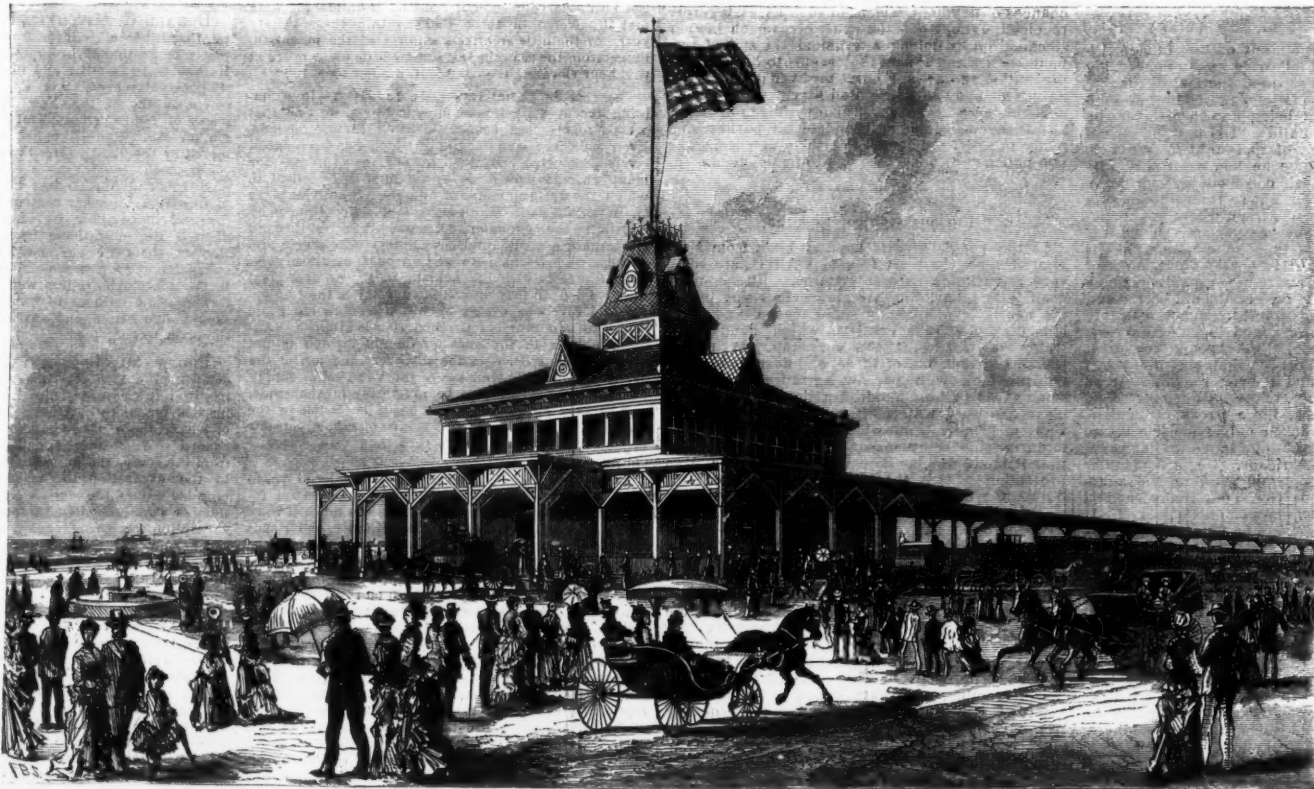
as human skill can make it. A beautiful and commodious passenger depot has just been completed near the beach, from which all the principal hotels are easily accessible. About one-third of the entire road between Camden and the cape has been relaid with new steel rails, and express trains to and from Cape May make no stop between the tides of the Atlantic and the shores of the Delaware at Philadelphia.

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

AGRICULTURAL HALL—THE PRODUCTS OF THE WORLD—BRAZILIAN COTTON PAVILION—ANTEDILUVIAN RELICS—A PYRAMID OF SCYTHES—DANIEL WEBSTER'S PLOW—POST-OFFICE IN THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

AMONG the prominent features of Agricultural Hall is the Brazilian cotton pavilion, a rectangular, Gothic structure, thirty

feet long and twenty feet wide. It is located near the centre of the nave of Agricultural Hall, and immediately east of the main Brazilian display in that building. It is constructed almost entirely of cotton, there being a frame of just enough wood to keep it standing. This frame is hidden in the white, fibrous walls. In the centre of the inclosure rises a towering pyramidal structure of shelving, laden with glass jars filled with coffee—the main staple of the country. The scene is completed with bins of sugar, and cases and rolls of tobacco, some of the latter being long enough to fathom Delaware Bay. These cover the area around the base of the coffee tower. The pavilion was partially destroyed by fire about six weeks ago, but is now thoroughly restored. The exhibit comprises statistics showing that the exports of Brazil for 1876 amounted to \$118,267,241, and of this sum coffee netted \$64,047,481; sugar,



NEW JERSEY.—THE CAPE MAY DEPOT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

\$15,403,151, and cotton, \$14,902,443.

Our illustration represents this exhibit and some of the other characteristic features of the wonderful display in Agricultural Hall. Prominent among these are the antediluvian remains from the State Museum, at Albany, N. Y. Visitors ponder over these relics of bygone and unrecorded ages with unceasing wonder and curiosity. Another notable feature is the display of scythe blades in the German Department, one portion of which is arranged in a monster pyramid. Patriotic pride is encouraged by the exhibition of a plow made entirely by the hands of Daniel Webster, the unique and clumsy share of which has doubtless turned over many a furrow in the meadows and fields of Marshland. The utilization of native products in the direction of art is illustrated in the statue, in the Portuguese Department, of an African soldier, carved out of a solid block of mahogany.

Half of the southern wing of the Government Building is occupied by the Centennial Branch of the Philadelphia Post Office. This has a twofold purpose—to display to the world of what a first-class post-office is in the United States, and the affording of complete postal accommodation to the multitudes who visit the mighty cosmos in Fairmount Park. The office is inclosed by an elaborate structure of walnut and glass, and contains upwards of one thousand letter-boxes. The mail collections are made hourly from the hundreds of drop-boxes through the grounds, and at the office the same

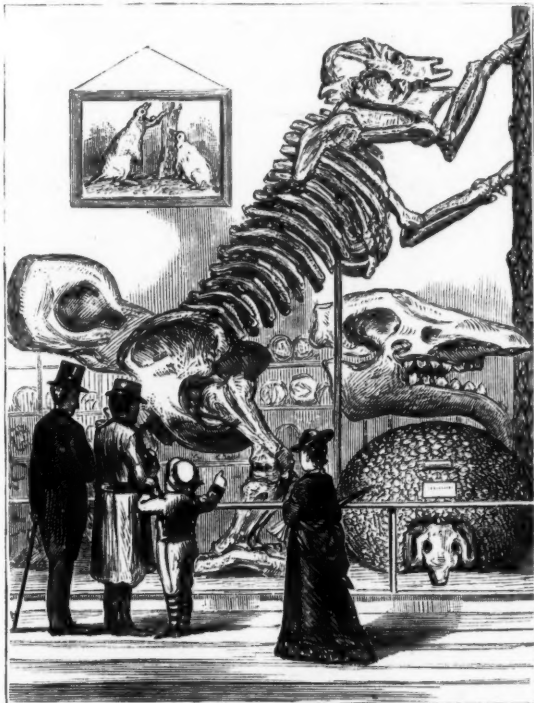


THE BRAZILIAN COTTON PAVILION.

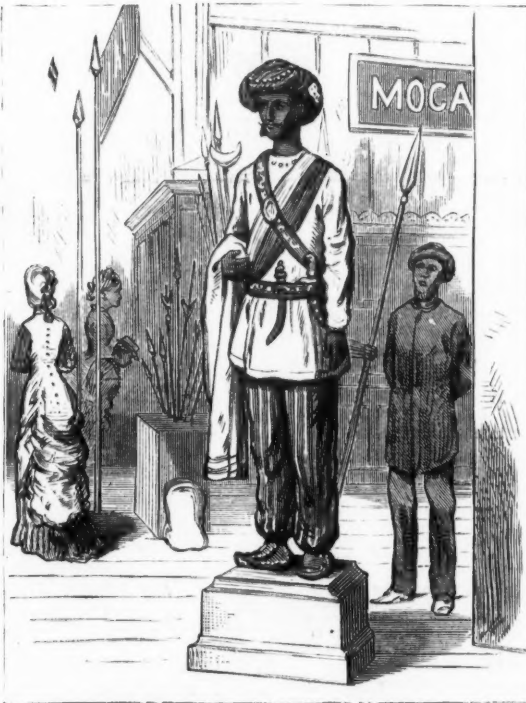
most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the surface of the lake like an arrow. About half a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, wishing to convince the Indians of the erroneousness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a minute's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and in frowning silence drove the light bark swiftly over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, when the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "he knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!"

A Great Land Suit.

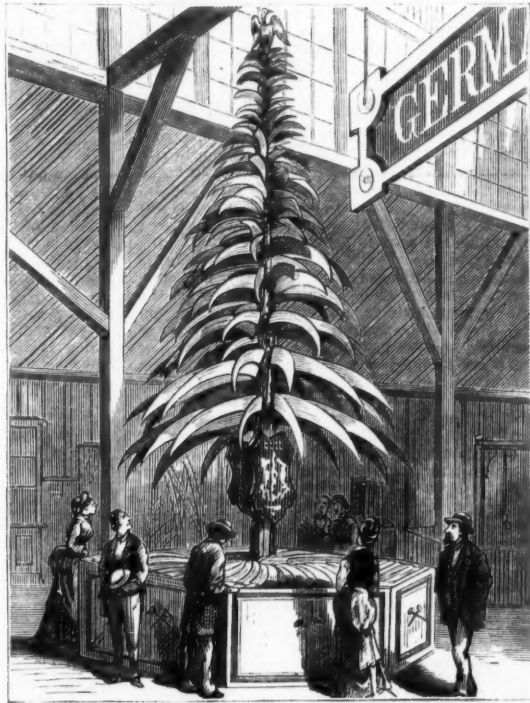
A suit has been begun in San Francisco by R. F. Ryan on behalf of Frank Cunningham, administrator of the estate of José D. Peralta, et al., against Donna Guadalupe Monteverde Thurn, executrix, Horace W. Carpenter and seventy-six other defendants, to recover the following lands: The rancho of "San Ramon," containing 8,917 acres, in Contra Costa County; the "San Antonio" grant, in Alameda County, containing 18,848 acres; the grant known as "El Corte de Madera," or "San Emidio," in the counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo, containing one square league of land, and a lot in the city of San José, being 200 by 400 varas, lying south of San Pedro Street, and extending to the Guadalupe River, bounded east by



ANTEDILUVIAN RELICS FROM THE STATE MUSEUM AT ALBANY, N. Y.



THE MAHOGANY AFRICAN.

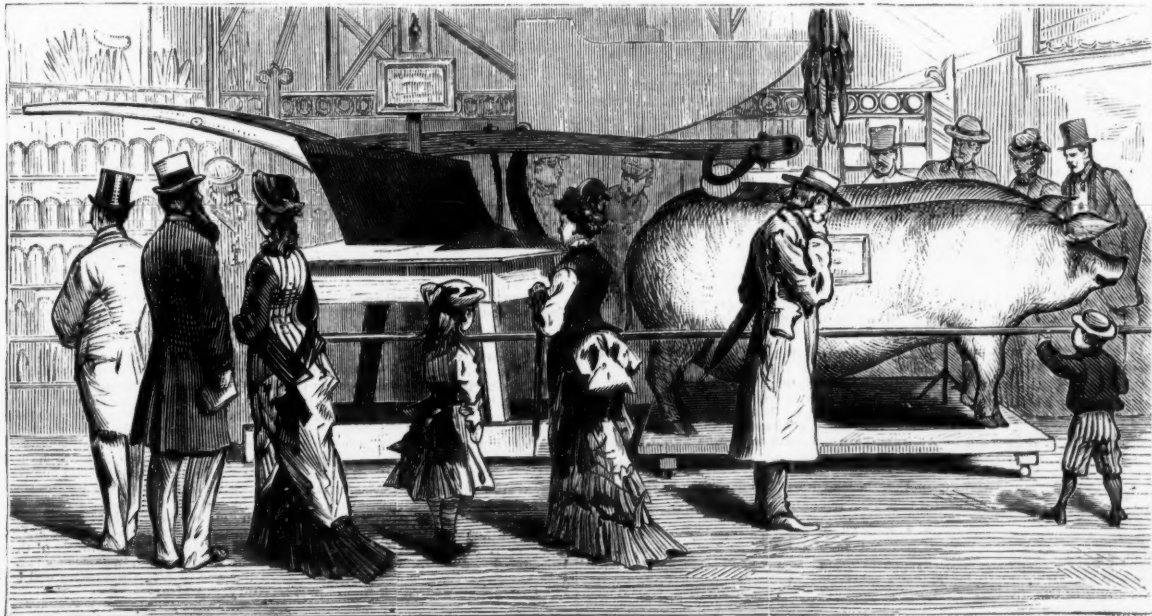


MONUMENT OF SCYTHE BLADES.

accommodations are obtained that can be had down in the city. In connection with the office is an envelope-making machine constantly in operation, seizing paper, cutting, gumming and folding it into envelopes, and printing upon them the Centennial postal-stamps.

A Tradition of Saratoga Lake.

THERE is an Indian superstition attached to this lake which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her



DANIEL WEBSTER'S PLOW.

land of the Sisters of Charity, and westerly by a line running from San Pedro Street to the river. The value of the Rancho "San Ramon" is \$1,000,000; of the Rancho "San Antonio" \$1,000,000; of the Rancho "San Emidio" \$500,000; and of the San José lot, \$25,000. The complaint sets forth that Peralta was a Mexican citizen during the time California was a part of Mexico, and that he acquired the land by grants from the Mexican Government, which were confirmed by the Board of Land Commissioners and by the Supreme Court of the United States; that no patent has as yet issued for the land. The plaintiff alleges that Horace W. Carpenter induced Peralta, who was a weak-minded man, to intrust his affairs to him, and by fraudulent means deprived Peralta of his property. The land has all been taken up by squatters, and is occupied at the present time. Peralta died on the 3d of April, 1865, hav-

ing made a will appointing his wife administratrix of the estate. His wife resigned her trust in September following, and Luis M. Peralta, son of the deceased, was appointed in her stead. He was removed for cause, May 1st, 1876, and was succeeded by the plaintiff, Frank Cunningham, who prays that all judgments, conveyances and contracts by which Peralta was deprived of his rights be canceled, and that possession of the land be given to plaintiff in trust for the heirs-at-law.

A Girl Swimmer.

THE London Echo of July 6th says: "Yesterday Miss Beckwith succeeded in swimming from the Old Bridge at Chelsea to Greenwich Pier. Large crowds had gathered to see the start, and when, a few minutes after 3, she leaped from a waterman's boat into the river, she was loudly cheered. There was a fair breeze, which made the water rather lumpy, but the force of the ebb-tide was all in her favor. With a gentle breast-stroke the young swimmer, with every encouragement from the curious public, proceeded on her arduous feat. A pilot in a small-boat, in which were her father and brother—the latter ready to jump to the aid of his sister in the event of any emergency—led the way. She swam close to its stern, and kept that position more or less during the whole of her task. About ten minutes after starting she placed a straw hat on her head, but so soon as the sun became obscured by clouds she threw it to her father, and never had occasion to use it again. A crowd, composed of many hundreds, had followed her from Chelsea along the Embankment, and at Battersea Suspension Bridge it became greatly augmented by larger crowds, though the culmination in the number of spectators was reached at Westminster Bridge. Vauxhall Bridge was reached in thirty-four minutes. When she had passed under it she several times passed her body through a hoop—a feat which elicited a special cheer. At Westminster the sight of an immense populace on the bridge was of itself remarkable. But in addition the Albert Embankment seemed to be equally crowded, and on passing under the bridge, the Victoria Embankment, as far as the eye could reach, was densely thronged. In seventy minutes Miss Beckwith had reached Blackfriars Bridge, and from this point to the end of the course spectators appeared on masts, crowded wharf windows, and occupied every available position. So far the young swimmer had displayed not the least fatigue. She proceeded with the ease of a skilled swimmer, while the distance had not impaired the remarkable grace of her style. London Bridge, crowded, of course, was passed in one hour and twenty-two minutes. The boats after this became more unruly than ever, and on several occasions Miss Beckwith was nearly struck on the head with their bows. Opposite Greenwich Pier, Miss Beckwith, at 5:35, was taken on board the Volunteer, having swum the ten miles in two hours and forty-six minutes. During the time she was in the water she declined all offers of refreshment, and when she appeared on the steamboat she was apparently as fresh and sprightly as when she first came out of her cabin at Chelsea.

The Development of the Violin.

THREE hundred years have not passed, says a writer in the *Galaxy*, since the violin began to rise from its original obscurity. When it was invented we do not know. Like most good things, Topsy, included, it was not born—it "grewed." It was gradually developed from some yet undiscovered germ, like, if we are to believe the Darwinites, the human creature whom it delights by expressing his emotions and his sense of audible beauty with such unrivaled faculty and power. It began when the first vibrating string was stretched across a resonant surface, which answered the double purpose of sounding-board and support—rude examples of which are found even among the most barbarous peoples. This is the beginning of all stringed instruments; and from this the progress is divergent in two lines: one of which passes through the lyre, the harp, and the lute, and ends in the piano-forte; the other passing through crwth, or crowd, and the viols in their various forms, and ending in the violin and violoncello. The distinctive characteristic of the violin family is that upon them the musical tone is produced by drawing a bow across the strings, and the various musical notes by the pressure of the player's fingers upon the strings at various intervals. It is this direct communication of the performer with the strings, both in the production of the musical vibration and in the stopping, as it is called, of the notes, which gives the instruments of the violin family their peculiar expressive power, and their unapproachable superiority. It is the human touch upon the cord which makes its tone so touching, which gives that tone its human quality, in which it is not only without an equal, but without a rival. It is a kind of direct communication with the soul of man, which gives the violin, alone among all other instruments, "a soul." There is no emotion which the violin cannot express, from that of the mere consciousness of serene happiness, and a sense of beauty, to that of the profoundest and most agitating woe that can disturb the human heart. It laughs and chatters; it weeps and wails and shrieks and sobs, with the utterance of a ruined happiness. When Beethoven, at the end of the funeral march in the Heroic Symphony, makes the great instrument—the orchestra upon which he played with such divine mastery—sob forth the theme in broken phrases, it is upon the violins that he depends for the utterance of that grand emotion. Modern music would be impossible without the violin.

How a Fortune was Made at Saratoga.

APHRODIS of the season at the watering-places comes the story of how a young swell caught a rich wife at Saratoga last season. He was a sort of gold-mounted individual—swell pants, swell hat, swell coat, swell hair, and a general *optomb* of swell. He was a sort of handsome Samson, looking for some Delilah having a heart ready to be toppled, as Samson tumbled the ancient temple. Among the ladies he was a love of a "fellow," but they were coy about the swell's wealth. He saw how it was, so he obtained an internal revenue blank and deliberately made a statement of his income, placing it at \$22,000. He took an oath to the return, and in a few days it was published in the city papers, and of course those dear girls read the papers. The bait took and the girls fought for him. He picked one who had a quarter of a million at her disposal, and a very fashionable wedding followed. A friend of the young man loaned him several thousands for his part of the affair, and all went smooth until quite a time after the wedding. When it was found out the girl's father stormed some, but by that time the young wife had learned to love her husband, and she smoothed the matter over to everybody's satisfaction.

FUN.

SENSIBLE families now introduce a paregoric cruet into the castor.

THE President doesn't like members of the Yarn race. Two y's, you know.

A WELL-MOLDED arm is prettier without bracelets, besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ear.

ONE of the city dentists is put down in the directory as a dealer in molasses, possibly because he produces sorghum.

A YOUNG woman of Chicago objects to the new silver coins because the Goddess of Liberty is dressed just as she was fifteen years ago, and that's so terribly "old-fashioned."

A SPEAKER at a stump meeting out West declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

BOBBY'S opinion as to his new sister: "Now I suppose I shall have to be very good, because we have got this baby, for mother won't want her to be naughty, and she will be if I am."

IT is scarcely certain that Sedentary Bull can execute his threat of driving all the Americans into the sea, but it would increase the feeling of security in this city if the guard at the Jersey City ferries could be strengthened at night.

How naturally one turns away, at this interval, from the works of bards, sages and philosophers, from visions of statecraft and the phenomena of political science, and sighs for the matchless liberty of that civilization which permits a man to sit around all day in his nightshirt.

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterwards remained for half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

THE catfish and bass in the Delaware show more interest in sun umbrellas than they do in the choicest bait. It is edifying to see a dozen intelligent catfish and bass repose in the shade of the umbrella under which sits a patient, sweating fisherman, wondering why they don't take hold.

HE was an applicant for the position of writing-teacher in one of our public schools. They gave him a copy-book and asked him for a specimen of what he could do. He took up the pen, and, in a handwriting that looked like a flash of lightning that had mistaken the direct road, wrote as follows: "Sorrow doesn't kill folks as fast as green goosebumps."

"PAT," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying slate to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?" "Ya'as, me mother's cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the ateing-room, slapping-room, the kitchen-room and the pig-pen—four rooms." "That's a story," said the builder. "Ya'as, four stories," said Pat.

THE "HOUSEKEEPER" OF OUR HEALTH.

THE liver is the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work, and the foul corrutions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of their great resolvents. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

"Claude, a child about three years old, was greatly afflicted with sores on his legs and feet, so that he could not wear his shoes and stockings. Had a great deal of trouble with him. Had tried many remedies ineffectually. At last we tried the Golden Medical Discovery, and in about three weeks he was entirely cured, his sores were all healed, and health much improved."

"Respectfully yours, J. W. BOYER. Vermillion, Edgar Co., Ill., Jan. 29th, 1875."

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Visitors to the International Exposition at Philadelphia should not fail to see the "Fisher Refrigerator," now on exhibition and in operation at K 11 Agricultural Hall. Address, J. Hyde Fisher, P. O. Box 170, Chicago, Ill.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias's VENERIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Aches and Pains, also Cholera, Dysentery, Colic and Vomiting. Warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.

Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court Street, Boston, Mass. A reliable Physician. Consultation, by mail or at office, free. Office hours from 11 to 3.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Slide-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in one package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 66 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3676.

Greenfield & Strauss, Confectioners, Barclay Street, New York, have a very splendid exhibit at the Centennial Exposition, which is illustrated in our issue of July 29th. This exhibit will be found in the Agricultural Hall, not in the Machinery Hall, as erroneously stated in our paper. It will well repay a visit.

The Great International Exposition.—Visitors are cordially invited to call on the house of Stephen F. Whitman & Son, 8 W. corner 12th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, and secure some of their imitatively fine Chocolates, Bonbons, or Confections, for families or friends. Manufactory and Pavilion, Machinery Hall, Exposition Grounds. American Department.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100.—E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Mezaethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

A Sad Experience.—After years of patient toil many a mother breaks down in constitution, simply because she has been the habit of doing her domestic sewing upon a hard-running machine. This can now be certainly guarded against by using the new Willcox & Gibbs Automatic Sewing-machine, a wonderful and entirely novel adaptation of automatic principles to machine sewing, insuring perfect work with the lightest labor. On view at the Centennial. Machinery Hall, Sec. C. 7, Col. No. 52, and at No. 664 Broadway, New York.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. Established 1858. Prices, \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Prepared only by

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York.

Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

A certain and speedy cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS, etc., thoroughly tested for 30 years with perfect success. TWO TO SIX Boxes are generally sufficient to effect a radical cure. For further information, etc., SEND FOR CIRCULAR. \$1 per box; six boxes \$5, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions for use. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 2450.

GUNS and Revolvers. Price lists free. Address, Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ONLY FOR BOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

Blackheads or Fleshworms. Ask your druggist for Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

NOVELTY PRINTING PRESS. For Professional and Amateur Printers, Schools, Societies, Manufacturers, Merchants, and others. It is the BEST ever invented. 13,000 in use. Ten styles. Prices from \$5.00 to \$150.00. BENJ. O. WOODS & CO. Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Printing Material. Send stamp for Catalogue. 49 Federal St. Boston.

\$7 SELF-INKING "BEST" Printing Press. This includes a Cabinet, two machine Rollers, adjustable Platen Gauge, Screw Chase, 2 1/4 x 4 1/2 in. Catalogue free, with stamp for postage. W. C. EVANS, Inv'r and Mfr, 50 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia.

THE "BLACK ART," 25 cents. "Love Cards," 25 cents per pack. 25 "Chrono" Visiting Cards (Latest Style) 50 cents. Hoja's Joker, 10 cents. CHEVYALIER, The Mystery of Paris, A Fascinating French novel. CASSE-COU, 400 pages, \$1 by Express. Whole lot per express for \$2.00. CHESHIRE CARD CO., CHESHIRE, CONN.

OPIUM EATERS EASILY CURED BY one that has used it for 13 years. Address JOE A. DUNN, Elizabethport, N. J.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, etc.—A Sufferer's experience, warning and rules of cure given in a pamphlet. Mailed free by Dr. J. M. Dagnall, 11 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Address, DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Indiana, For Quarterly Magazine, and Test of Time—Sent Free.

FRANK LESLIE'S HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The design of the publisher in preparing an Illustrated "HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION" is to furnish—through the medium of accurate and carefully executed wood engravings and the penicils of our correspondents—to the million unable to attend the "World's Fair," a permanent, truthful and beautiful Register of the Congress of the Nations assembled, in friendly competition, in Philadelphia in 1876.

Each Part is illustrated with about eighty engravings, and the Work will give a History of all Exhibitions throughout the World, with an Historical Sketch of the Inception and Progress of the United States Centennial Exhibition, illustrated by Views of the Buildings comprised in the Exposition, Scenes and Incidents, and will illustrate and describe the leading features, including artistic engravings of noteworthy objects in each Department, with a view of presenting the reader with a *résumé* of the entire Exhibition and its display of Works of Art, New Inventions, Mechanical Appliances, Agricultural and Mineral Products, Textile Fabrics, Labor-saving Machinery, etc., etc.

Thus "FRANK LESLIE'S HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION" will afford at a glance a complete history of exhibitive effort in the past and an artistic and discriminating Record of the Great Centennial, the entire work illustrated in the highest style of art, and forming altogether a Magnificent Memorial of the Colossal Exhibition in Fairmount Park.

The work will be published in 10 Parts of 32 large folio pages each, with an illuminated title-page, three large page Chromo-lithographs representing the flags of the several Nations, as displayed in the Exhibition, two mammoth Wood Engravings, giving panoramic views of the Centennial Grounds, over four feet in length; an elegant fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, as recorded and preserved in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, with other attractive features, as suggested during the progress of the Exhibition. These Supplements will be issued, one as a frontispiece to each Part, and the Parts, protected by a paper cover, delivered flat and uncut so as to preserve for binding.

Canvassing agents will solicit subscriptions, and carriers will deliver the Parts as issued, and collect fifty cents for each Part. The work will be completed by the close of the Exhibition, and subscribers will be able to have the work bound by Christmas. In the hands of canvassers will be the design prepared for a binding, in cloth, ink-and-gold, which will be furnished by our deliverers for \$1.50, or the Numbers taken and bound for \$2.50. This work, on heavy paper, extra engravings, superior press-work, and uncut, will be sold only by subscription, and we insist that subscribers shall pay no money except on delivery of each Part.

Subscribers will agree to take the entire work, and the deliverers will accommodate them, if possible, as to time of delivery. The specimen pages in hands of canvassers are fair samples of the paper and execution of the work, and the publisher guarantees every Part equal to the specimens shown.

A German Edition is issued, uniform in size and price. Canvassers will take orders for either Edition. Canvassers wanted for unoccupied territory. Address

AGENCY DEPARTMENT,

Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

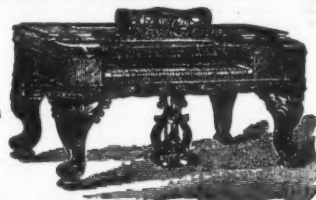
Frank Leslie's

Illustrated Periodicals
\$5,000 THIRD \$5,000
CENTENNIAL GIFT.

Two \$750 Pianos.

July 4th, 1876, to Dec. 25th, 1876.

In consequence of the Popular favor with which our first and second distributions, made February 22d and July 4th, 1876, were received, and the demands of the tardy ones to be counted in, we have decided to have a third distribution on Dec. 25, when we will distribute presents, including two \$750 Pianos, a \$500 Parlor Organ, and other articles of substantial value, to the aggregate value of \$5,000. Every annual subscriber to any of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspapers and Magazines, entered on our mailing-books between July 1st and December 25th, 1876, will participate in this distribution. At the time of entering such name a registered number will be annexed to the name, and a card with a duplicate number sent to the subscriber. As the number is registered on our books, the prize drawn will be sent to the address to which the paper is sent, unless otherwise ordered by the party in interest. This will overcome the delay that often occurs by a loss of the Ticket in the mail, or otherwise. Subscriptions may be sent direct to the publishing office, or handed to any of our canvassing agents. We can employ more canvassers, who will find our attractive and valuable publications, our elegant premium chromos and our Centennial gifts, sure to win subscribers. Address, AGENCY DEPARTMENT, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.



STANDARD AMERICAN PIANOS.

Strictly the FINEST-TONED Pianos Made.

Prices extremely low for cash, or on installments. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Warerooms, 62 West Fourteenth St., New York City.

VISITING CARDS, printed from Nickel Silver Type. 35 White Bristol, or 25 Tinted, or 12 Snowflake, Marble, Repp or Damask, or 6 Glass, or 6 Floral, 10 cts. and 1 ct. stamp, by return mail. All other kinds correspondingly low. 240 styles. Illustrated circular, pre-list, etc., to agents, 10 cts. Address, W. C. GANNON, 712 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Traveler's Guide.
Centennial Headquarters,

ATLAS HOTEL,
 FIFTY-SECOND ST. & ELM AVENUE.
 Ninety yards to the West Ticket Entrance to the Exposition. Accommodations for 5,000 guests.
 Lodgings per day 75 cents and \$1.
 Restaurant first-class only.
 Meals 25 cents and upwards to order.
 Board and Lodging on American plan, \$2.50 per day.

Colonnade Hotel,
 FIFTEENTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA.
 The most centrally located, and on principal promenade.
 COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
 Terms, \$4 and \$4.50 per day. Elegant Accommodations.

American House,
 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
 Largest First-class House in New England. Prices reduced to \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 per day.

IMPORTANT.—To Persons Visiting New York or Centennial.

Grand Union Hotel,
 OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.
 Baggage taken to and from this Depot to hotel free. 350 Rooms; European Plan. Restaurant supplied with the best; Prices moderate; Cars and Stages pass the Hotel for all parts of the city, and to Philadelphia Depots for Centennial.

Grand Central Hotel,
 Broadway, New York. The largest and finest hotel in the city. Erected at a total cost of \$2,500,000, the Grand Central offers every convenience and luxury belonging to its high position among first-class hotels. Midway between up-town and down-town hotels. It also offers the best advantages in location. Terms, \$3, \$3.50, and \$4 per day, according to location of floor. H. L. POWERS, Proprietor.

Bingham House.
 Cor. ELEVENTH and MARKET Streets, Philadelphia.
 Terms, \$3.50 per day. For one week or longer, \$3 per day.
 CURTIS DAVIS, Proprietor.

Trans-Continental Hotel,
 Directly opposite the main entrance International Exposition, Philadelphia. J. E. KINGSLEY & CO., Proprietors.

Coleman House,
 BROADWAY AND TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET.
 A la Carte. JAS. A. JEWELL, Proprietor.

The Centennial Boarding Bureau,
 919 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
 Composed of 1,000 brick dwellings, every section of city, Good Boarding furnished at \$7 to \$12 per week. Circulars forwarded on application.

MISFIT CARPETS.
 ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN, very cheap, at the old place,
 113 Fulton Street, New York.
 Send for a price-list. J. A. BENDALL.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY who have tried in vain every advertised remedy will learn of a simple cure by addressing
 DAVIDSON & CO., No. 86 Nassau St., N. Y.

No. 11. BUCHAN'S No. 11. CARBOLIC SOAP
 From all parts of the country come daily indorsements of Buchan's Carbolic Soaps and Compounds. Their wonderful qualities as Curatives, Preventives and Disinfectants are universally acknowledged. The disinfecting properties of No. 11 Soap, especially in freeing your houses from Ants, Roaches, Bugs and other Vermin, are truly marvelous. One application of this Soap will rid a dog of fleas. For sale by all Druggists. See that the name BUCHAN appears on every label. Depot, 83 John Street.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.
 All who would have feet free from corns, dress the feet with a view to health, good taste and comfort. Shoes made on our lasts, modeled from nature—an essentially different style—and latest improvements. They press the foot evenly, giving elasticity in walking, and by the ingenuity of their construction they appear smaller than they really are, giving an elegant appearance even to the largest and clumsiest feet.
 EUGENE FERRIS & SON,
 51 Nassau Street, West Side, N. Y.

HOW TO CURE PARALYSIS and all Lame-ness. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. 50 cts. WOOD & CO., 17 E. 55th Street, N. Y.

THIS IS NO HUMBAG.
 By sending 35 cts. with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 42, Fultonville, N. Y.

MOOD'S PATENT CAGE AWNING
 Protects the Bird from SUN, WIND & RAIN. Very Ornamental, as well as Useful.
 For sale by all cage-dealers. Manufactured by the SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO., sole proprietors, 552 Hudson St., New York.

SOLID WEALTH!
\$600,000 IN GIFTS!

Grandest Scheme ever Presented to the Public.

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY \$12

THE KENTUCKY CASH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY,
 authorized by a special act of the Kentucky Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Schools of Frankfort, will have the First of their series of Grand Drawings at MAJOR HALL, in the CITY OF FRANKFORT, KY.,

THURSDAY, AUG 31, 1876,
 on which occasion they will distribute to the ticket-holders the immense sum of

\$600,000!

Thos. P. Porter, Ex-Gov. Ky., Gen'l Manager.
POSITIVELY NO POSTPONEMENT!

LIST OF GIFTS:

One Grand Cash Gift	\$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift	25,000
One Grand Cash Gift	20,000
One Grand Cash Gift	10,000
One Grand Cash Gift	5,000
50 Cash Gifts of \$1,000 each	50,000
100 Cash Gifts of 500 each	50,000
100 Cash Gifts of 400 each	40,000
100 Cash Gifts of 300 each	30,000
200 Cash Gifts of 200 each	40,000
600 Cash Gifts of 100 each	60,000
10,000 Cash Gifts of 12 each	120,000
Total, 11,156 Gifts, All Cash	600,000

PRICE OF TICKETS:
 Whole Tickets, \$12; Halves, \$6; Quarters, \$3; 9 Tickets, \$100; 27 1/2 Tickets, \$300; 46 2/3 Tickets, \$500; 95 1/3 Tickets, \$1,000. 100,000 Tickets at \$12 each.
 Hon. E. H. Taylor, Mayor of Frankfort, the entire board of City Councilmen, Hon. Alvin Duval, late Chief Justice of Kentucky, and other distinguished citizens, together with such disinterested persons as the ticket-holders present may designate, will superintend the drawing.
 Remittances can be made by Express, Draft, Post-office Money Order or Registered Letter, made payable to KENTUCKY CASH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY.
 All communications, orders for Tickets, and applications for Agencies, should be addressed to
 HON. THOS. P. PORTER,
 General Manager, Frankfort, Ky.
 Or, G. W. BARROW & CO.,
 Gen'l Eastern Agents, 710 Broadway, N. Y.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE DAY!
 Frank Leslie's
POPULAR MONTHLY,
 FOR AUGUST,
 Excellent, Attractive and Cheap, is now ready with the following CONTENTS:

LITERATURE.
 The Duchesse's Diamond. By Etta W. Pierce.
 An Adventure with African Monkeys.
 Quipos, or Peruvian Cord Records, with the Casket.
 The Pride of a Cow.
 In a Cathedral. By Ada Vrooman Leslie.
 Peasant Life in Sweden.
 Southern Scenes: The Levee at New Orleans—Cutting and Hauling Sugar-Cane.
 Adventure with Dyak Pirates.
 Coaches and Coaching, Past and Present.
 Current Jelly.
 The Magic Hand, an Icelandic Legend.
 Pickering Fishing.
 The Snake's Brother.
 Washington Parting from his Mother at the Beginning of the Revolution.
 The Predicament of Major Murray.
 An Englishman's Drive.
 An Eventful Interview.
 History of Photography. By Professor A. Joy.
 Recent Progress in Science.
 Entertaining Column.

ENGRAVINGS.
 The Burglar Caught by a Girl.
 The Musical Party. By Worma.
 The Holy Family. By Raphael.
 The Duchesse's Diamond.
 An Adventure with African Apes.
 Which Hand is it?
 Quipos, or Cord Records of the Peruvian Indians—Quipos.
 Casket of Indian Workmanship.
 The Pride of a Cow.
 Peasant Life in Sweden: The Jul Buske, or Christmas Tree—Sysskonang, or Brother and Sister Beds—May-day Sports in Sweden—A Horse Fair at Lund—The Tomte Gubbe—But in a Clearing—Wedding among the Swedish Peasants—Slottet Ol, or Harvest Home.
 Southern Scenes: The Levee at New Orleans—Cutting and Hauling Sugar Cane.
 Adventure with Dyak Pirates.
 Coaches and Coaching: The London Four-in hand Club in Hyde Park—English Coaches, time of Charles II., time of Queen Anne—A Swiss Diligence—The Overland Mail—English Hackney Coachman, time of Charles II.—A Mexican Mail Coach—The New York Four-in-hand Club in Central Park.
 Current Jelly.
 Pickering Fishing.
 The Snake's Brother.
 Washington Parting from his Mother at the Beginning of the Revolution.
 The Predicament of Major Murray.
 History of Photography: Nipce de St. Victor taking Photographs of French Soldiers—Fox Talbot—Mr. Auguste Poitevin—Specimens of First Galvano-plastic Photo-engraving.
 An Impromptu Vehicle—A French Peasant Scene.
 The Organist's Widow.

This new Monthly, from its wonderful combination of merits, has won general favor and admiration, and reached at once a circulation seldom attained in years.
 Every Number gives 125 pages of excellent reading, embracing what would require volumes in other form; and, with a hundred illustrations, furnishes reading full of interest, timely and educational.

The "POPULAR MONTHLY" can be found at all news-depots.
 128 Pages Quarto, 100 Illustrations, Price only 20 Cents.
 ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50, POSTAGE FREE.
 Frank Leslie, No. 537 Pearl Street, New York City.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
 STEAM HAND SAW
 AND VENEER-CUTTING MILL,
 Nos. 186 to 200 LEWIS STREET, foot 5th and 6th Streets,
 East River, New York.
 Always on hand FULL STOCK OF SEASONED
Hard-Wood Lumber
 AND CHOICE FIGURED VENEERS,
 The LARGEST STOCK! The GREATEST
 VARIETY! The Lowest Prices!
 Inclose stamp for Catalogue and Price List.
 Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

\$3 ENTERPRISE PRINTING PRESSES.
 A great success. Four sizes. Send stamp for Catalogue to J. COOK & CO., West Meriden, Conn.

THE REVOLUTION.
 The best, cheapest, heaviest and strongest
 Rotary Power Printing Press on the Globe.
 For Printers and Amateurs' use. Send
 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue to
W. Y. Edwards,
 36 Church St., N. Y.
 Presses from \$1.50 to \$350.

PORTABLE PRINTING PRESSES.
 Young America Press Co., 63 Murray Street, New York.

OPIMUM
 Habit Cured.
 A Certain and Sure Cure. Large reduction
 in prices. A trial bottle free.
 Mrs. J. A. DROLLINGER, La Porte, Ind.
 Box 1038. (Formerly Mrs. Dr. S. B. Collins.)

\$10 to \$500 Invested in Wall Street often
 leads to wealth. Send for our
 book explaining everything and a copy of all latest quotations.
 Orders for Stocks and Stock Privileges executed
 by mail or telegraph. JOHN HICKLING & CO., Bankers
 and Brokers, 72 Broadway, New York.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET,
 With Skirt Supporter and
 Self-Adjusting Pads.
 Secures Health and Comfort of Body,
 with Grace and Beauty of Form.
 Three Garments in one. Approved
 by all physicians. AGENTS
 WANTED. Price by mail, in London
 cord, \$2; Sateen, \$1.75. Samples
 to Agents, 25 cents less. Give size of
 waist, and state whether long or short
 front is desired. Address,
WARNER BROS., 763 Broadway, N. Y.
 25 FANCY CARDS, Mixed, with name, 10 cts. Agents
 wanted. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.
\$10 to \$25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue.
 J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1
 free. STIMSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and
 terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.
\$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. \$4 best
 selling articles in the world. One sample free.
 Address, J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.
\$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and
 Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT
 FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.
\$10 A DAY. 7-Shot Nickel-plated Revolvers \$3
 catalogue free. GEO. L. FELTON & CO., New York City.

AGENTS WANTED to canvass for 30 styles of Em-
 blem Visiting and Business Cards. Samples 10 cts.
 immense profits. Emblem Printing Co., No. 8 E. Dedham
 Street, Boston, Mass.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can
 make \$50 a week without capital; easy and
 respectable for either sex. Agents Supply
 Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

A NEW DEPARTURE Traveling
 Salesmen wanted in every city and town in the U. S. and Canada
 to introduce our Old and Staple MANUFACTURES. \$10 PER
 MONTH Hotel and Traveling Expenses paid. Apply by letter or in
 person to C. A. GRANT & CO., 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to
 dealers. No peddling. \$80 a
 month, hotel and traveling expenses
 paid. MONITOR MANUFACTURING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Don't Forget it!"—Singer's Safety Guard
 is worth all the Burglar
 Alarms ever invented. Agents wanted everywhere.
 Silver-plated sample, prepaid, on receipt of 25c. Address,
 A. H. SINGER, 435 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY
 It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 61
 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents.
 NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS for the best selling
 Stationery Packages in the
 world. It contains 16 sheets pa-
 per, 16 envelopes, golden pen, penholder, pencil, patent
 yard-measure and a piece of jewelry. Single package,
 with a pair of elegant gold stone sleeve-buttons, post-paid,
 25 cents; 5 packages, with assorted jewelry, for \$1.
 Watches given away to all Agents. Circulars free.
 BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, New York.

\$5000 REWARD FOR CHARLEY ROSS.
 AGENTS WANTED in every Town
 and County in America on
 The FATHER'S STORY OF CHARLEY ROSS,
 the Kidnapped Child, containing a full account of his
 Abduction, and important information calculated to aid
 in his recovery. Written by Christian K. Ross. It in-
 stinctively appeals to the sympathies of all. Every one
 wants to read it, and everybody will buy it. We confidently
 offer this as the best book in the market for Agents. Full
 particulars free. JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers,
 Philadelphia.

AN AGENT.—One from every county in
 the United States—may
 now secure steady em-
 ployment for the next eight months delivering Frank
 Leslie's Illustrated Historical Register of
 the Centennial Exposition. We will negotiate
 with a limited number of GENERAL AGENTS
 who control a corps of canvassers. Address, AGENCY
 DEPARTMENT, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 637
 Pearl Street, New York.

A FREE TRIP
 to the CENTENNIAL and
 return from any point in
 the Union. This comes
 within the grasp of every
 reader of this paper who possesses sufficient enter-
 prise to spend a few hours in raising a small club
 of subscribers to THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.
 Send your address on postal card for circulars,
 terms, etc. Send 3 three-cent stamps if specimen
 copy of paper is desired. Address,
 CHAS. CLUGAS & CO., 14 Warren St. New York

Sa. Man. Tee.
 The renowned ORIENTAL MAGNOLIA, will send a photo-
 graph of your destined husband or wife, on receipt of
 35 cents, with photograph or lock of hair. A written-
 out destiny will be furnished those wishing to know the
 past or future, for \$2.50. Address, S. M. T., P. O. box
 456, San Francisco, Cal.

NOW IN PRESS,
LIVES AND PUBLIC SERVICES

Samuel J. Tilden
 AND
 THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

A LIVE CAMPAIGN BOOK
 OF
THE SECOND REVOLUTION.

A Revolution for Reform by the Ballot.
 "I, therefore, if your choice be ratified by the people at
 the next election, should enter upon the great duties that
 would fall upon me, not as one entering upon a holiday
 recreation, but very much in that spirit of consecration
 in which a soldier enters battle."—TILDEN.

By C. EDWARDS LESTER,
 Author of "Our First Hundred Years," etc., etc., etc.
 230 pages; 32 pages illustrated. Portraits of the Can-
 didates, etc., etc.

PRICE, 50 CENTS,
 Sent post-paid, everywhere, on receipt of price.

Agents wanted. Campaign Clubs supplied at reduced
 rates. Order at once.
 Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
 537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.



TAKE SCHENCK'S
MANDRAKE PILLS
FOR ALL
BILIOUS COMPLAINTS.

The Grand Union HOTEL, Saratoga Springs, IS NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.

During the past season large additions and improvements have been made, with New and Elegant Furniture, etc., etc.

THE SPACIOUS DINING HALL has been extended, and is now Two Hundred and Seventy-five Feet in length. BATHS have been introduced throughout the hotel, and each room is supplied, through pipes, with pure, cold, and delicious spring water, from a fresh-water spring on the premises.

With large and airy rooms, furnished luxuriously, a table supplied with every delicacy, attendants selected with special reference to their qualifications, Elegant New Ball Room, etc., etc., it is believed that this hotel presents attractions not to be found elsewhere.

HENRY CLAIR, } Managers.
WM. WILKINSON, }

July, 1876.

The Great Rocky Mountain Resorts.

Grand beyond comparison. Hot Sulphur, Soda and other Springs and Baths. Snow-capped mountains, cloudless skies. The climate a sure cure for Asthma. Those predisposed to pulmonary affections are restored to health. The route is by Kansas Pacific Railway from Kansas City to Denver. Send to E. A. PARKER, General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, for descriptive pamphlets.



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

UNCLE SAM.—"Well, Ulysses, you can't get your customary Summer satisfaction out of Long Branch this year. But never mind! After next March you may stay as far away from Washington as you please."

GEO. WOODS & CO.'S PARLOR ORGANS.

Excel in Quality of Tone, Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Designs and Finish, and Wonderful Variety of their Combination Solo Stops, Eoline, Vox



Humana, and Piano. The latter never requiring Tuning, and Giving the Organ the Brilliance and Promptness of the Piano.

These Remarkable Instruments possess capacities for musical Effects and expression never before attained. Adapted for Amateur and Professional, and an ornament in any parlor. Beautiful New Styles now ready.
GEO. WOODS & CO., Cambridgeport, Mass.
Warehouses, 608 Washington Street, Boston; 170 State Street, Chicago; M. G. Bisbee, 1128 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HOLMAN'S Fever and Ague and Liver Pad CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE, SIMPLY BY ABSORPTION. The Best Liver Regulator in the World.



THE
WENCK
PERFUMES,
Warranted the Finest Goods Made.

"THE BRUNSWICK,"

Boylston, Corner Clarendon Street,
Boston, Mass.

This new and commodious structure is now completed and ready for the reception of guests. The house is fire-proof, and contains every modern improvement, including a passenger and baggage elevator. It is elegantly furnished, is centrally located, in the most fashionable part of the city, near the Public Garden, Library and Common, and as convenient to the Railroad Depots and Theatres as any first-class Hotel in the city. No pains or money will be spared to make the Brunswick take rank with the best hotels in this country. Horse-cars pass the doors. J. W. Wolcott, Prop'r.

EMPIRE LAUNDRY,

329 to 343 East 53d Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 42 University Place, cor. 11th Street, and 345 4th Ave.
Gents' and Family Linen, Lace Curtains, Laces, Blankets, Window Shades, Crump and Dancing Cloths, and every description of Laundry Work. Collars and Cuffs equal to Troy Work.
Goods Called for and Delivered.

E. BARTLETT No. 82 Warren Street, cor. College Place, manufactures and keeps on hand a well-assorted stock of Coach, Coupé, Track, Buggy and Truck HARNESS. Also, a fine line of Horse Clothing generally. Save money by buying direct from the Manufacturer.

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF METALS,
TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN,
WIRE, Etc.
CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton, NEW YORK.



The Gross Abuses Which are now Being brought to light in this country in various governmental departments resembles those terrible diseases which prostrate the body and often destroy it. A simple life would have prevented the national shame, and a few doses of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

would have removed the causes which lead to the inflammatory physical attacks under which so many suffer.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SNYDER'S LITTLE GIANT STEAM ENGINE.

The Best SMALL POWER ENGINES IN THE COUNTRY. One-Horse Power, with tubular boiler complete, only...\$150. Two-Horse Power.... 200. Three-Horse Power...250. Manufactured by **WARD B. SNYDER.** 84 Fulton St., NEW YORK. Call and Examine OR SEND FOR AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. TO BE SEEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

CLARENDON HOTEL, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.,

CHARLES E. LELAND, Proprietor,

Of Rossmore Hotel, N. Y. Delavan House, Albany.

The "Clarendon" is delightfully located, and has accommodations of peculiar excellence. It is patronized by the aristocracy of this country and Europe.

Rates: \$21 per week for June; \$4.50 per day, transient.

Everyone should See the Display of WALTHAM WATCHES

In the Main Building at the Centennial. Also,

Watchmaking by Machinery

In actual operation in Machinery Hall, close by the great engines.

Prices of WALTHAM WATCHES, through recent reductions, are lower than ever before, and lower than ever was thought possible.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 1 Bond Street, New York.

Do Your Own Printing! Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for larger work. Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Pleasure and profit in Amateur Printing. The Girls or have great fun and make money fast at Printing Boys' Sprinting. Send two stamps for full catalogue of presses, type, etc., to the Manufacturer, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

HENKELL & CO. HOCK WINES.

Journu Freres Claret Wines.
CHARLES GRAEF, Sole Agent,
65 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

Pommery "Sec" Champagne.

THE STANDARD
SOZODONT TOOTH WASH
of the age is SOZODONT. It has distanced competition. Discolored teeth are rendered white by its use. The BREATH derives fragrance from its aroma. It prevents and arrests dental decay. The gums become rosier and harder under its operation. All its ingredients are VEGETABLE AND ANTISEPTIC. It is essential that the teeth be well cared for. Mothers, see that your children purify their teeth daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

By this means the enamel may be kept always uncorroded. IMPURE BREATH arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of SOZODONT.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.
LONDON DEPOT, 55 NEW BOND STREET.

LINDEMAN (AND) SONS. PIANOS.

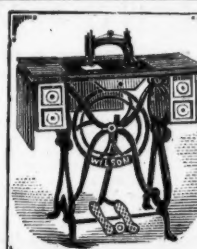
WAREHOUSES:

92 Bleeker Street, New York.
173 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JUNE. JULY.
THE SUMMER CAPITAL.

Leland's Ocean Hotel,
LONG BRANCH,
NOW OPEN.

Charles & Warren Leland.
AUGUST. SEPT.



SAVE \$20.00
BUY THE
WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON
SHUTTLE SEWING
MACHINE
THE BEST AND
CHEAPEST FIRST
CLASS MACHINE
IN THE WORLD
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

AGENTS WANTED
FOR UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY TO WHOM
WE OFFER UNPRECEDENTED INDUCE-
MENTS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS, TERMS &c.,
ADDRESS **WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO.**
827 & 829 BROADWAY, N.Y., OR NEW ORLEANS.



F. J. Kaldenberg,

Manufacturer of
Genuine Meerschaum Pipes, Smok-
ers' Articles, Amber Goods, etc.
Wholesale and Retail.
Factory and store, 117 Fulton St.
Formerly, 4 and 6 John St., N. Y.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

SHIRTS J.W. JOHNSTON 260 GRAND STREET N.Y.

Also 427 Sixth Avenue cor. Twenty-sixth Street.
Ladies' & Men's Hosiery and Underwear.

6 Dress Shirts of Wamsutta Muslin and Fine Linen for \$12. 6 Superior Dress Shirts, of finest and heaviest materials, for \$15. "guaranteed to fit." Dress Shirts, ready made, unaltered, \$1.25 each. Send for prices of neck-ties, scarfs, collars, under-shirts and drawers, and rules for self-measurement.



Improved Field, Marine, Opera and Tourist's Glasses,

Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Artificial Hu-
man Eyes. **H. WALDSTEIN, Optician,** 545
Broadway, N. Y. Catalogues mailed by inclosing stamp.